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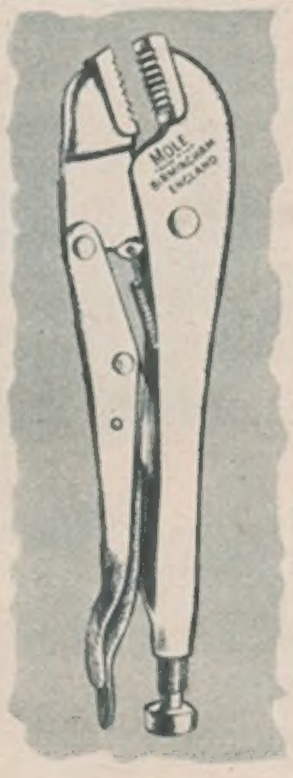

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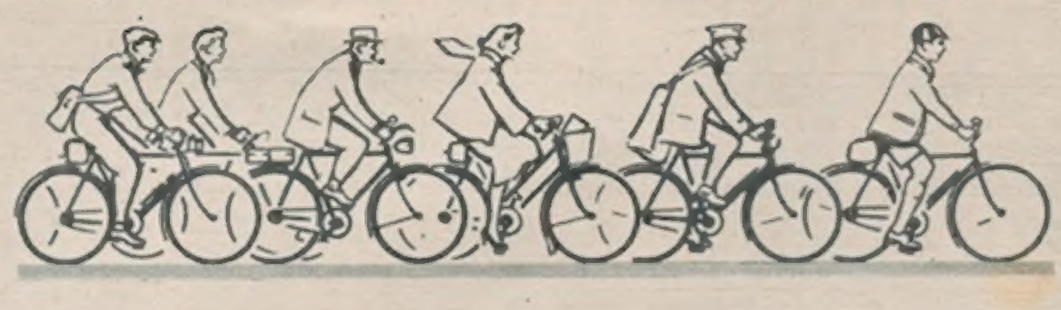

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The Cover

Now here's a man who isn't going to be tied to Mother's apron strings. Age: anything between ten and eighteen months. Ambition: to find the shortest distance between two parents. Hopes: high. If he falls, it won't be into disgrace—and he's sure of a big hand from Father. For Brabbins's cover baby—like 850,000 born in Britain each year—is taking a step in the right direction. By the time those helping hands are old and wrinkled he'll be exploring the moon—or teaching his own baby how to walk

Free Speech

JOHN BULL pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech." Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the JOHN BULL Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post, and in our new feature, "We Advise."

Slum Snobs

When my son married recently, he and his wife turned down the chance of a new house. Instead, they paid a fantastic rent for a converted stable. "It's better than living in a mass-produced box," they said.

Two friends of mine have bought a derelict country cottage, rightly abandoned by a farm labourer years ago. And I know a broker who is living in what were servants' quarters on a country estate.

What sort of snobs are we becoming when people who are comfortably off rush to buy yesterday's slums?

Surely their spirit of adventure would be better used in forcing architects to build the kind of houses we really want. — L. K., Wimpole Street, W.1.

The Custom

I watched two Customs officers, each carrying a couple of bottles of whisky, walk towards a train at Dover Station. This made me wonder what happens to contraband spirits seized from unfortunate smugglers.—B. C., Bedford.

. . . The cartoon showing a traveller drinking whisky in a Customs shed (JOHN BULL, September 20) leads me to ask whether one would be allowed to do this after refusing to pay duty. —T. S., Solihull, Warwickshire.

"Contraband liquor is sent to the nearest Queen's warehouse," says the Customs and Excise Board. "Then it is made up into lots and sold to the trade.

"It is perhaps fortunate for the well-being of travellers that they would NOT be allowed to drink liquor in the Customs shed."

Percentage Jolt

Going into business on my own behalf, I bought an almost new car. I was puzzled to find that, although I had been driving for seven years, my insurance charges were put up by twenty-five per cent. I was told that this was because I am of Polish origin.

What is the connection between one's place of birth and capabilities as a driver? I am a naturalized British subject and have lived in this country for thirteen years.—A. BAILEY, Chapel Lane, Sway, Lymington, Hants.

"Country of origin—except in the case of some visiting tourists—does not usually concern insurance companies," says a broker. "In this case, it is more likely that the rates were increased because the vehicle was to be used for business purposes."

Good Shooting

Walking along a Cornish lane, I asked a very old man the way to a village. "Go along this highway for about three gunshots," he said. "Then turn left and carry on for another ten gunshots."

Since the distance was about four miles, I am wondering what type of gun he was talking about. — T. ASHBY, Chenies, Rickmansworth.

He was not being unreasonable, says a gunsmith. A shotgun, fired in an arc, has a range of about 550 yards.

Lonely Nights

I am a male nurse, on night work in a hospital. During duty hours I must stay alert. But there is little to do between calls for assistance.

My problem is how to occupy

myself. Reading makes me sleepy. Crosswords soon become tedious.

Women nurses are fortunate, for they can sew or knit. But what can a man do?—G. M., Abergavenny.

No Answer

There is plenty of talk about bad manners in young people—but discourtesy has crept into business.

During the past few years I have written letters to dozens of firms and local authorities. It is exceptional for me to get a reply.

I am not a crank—just a normal person who tries to take an interest in what goes on.—I. CARLESS, Graig Park Hill, Newport, Mon.

Misty Way?

My husband and I took our young son to a big London railway station, where we spoke to a locomotive driver. We were staggered to hear that there is no device for demisting engine drivers' windows.

Just how are they expected to see signals when the weather is too bad for them to lean out of the cab?—MRS. D. A. COLE, Meadway, Bush Hill Park, Enfield, Middlesex.

"Don't take that driver seriously," says the British Transport Commission. "There are several quite satisfactory demisting methods. One of them is to have windows mounted on a central axle, so that they can be reversed and cleaned while the locomotive is in motion."

Ragtime

The other day I shared a Paris-London plane with a party of men and women who design and sell women's clothes. It was nauseating.

The air hostess fussed over them as though they were members of a royal court. They were given servile priority through Customs.

It was typical of the preposterous adulation being given to our new pseudo-aristocrats of the "rag trade."

Their most trifling activities are discussed in newspapers with wide-eyed wonder. Their opinions (usually quite fatuous) are sought on every subject from slimming diets to foreign affairs.

So swollen are their heads that they even have the cool insolence to ask the International Police Organization to protect their designs.

I like smart clothes as much as any other woman. But those who produce them are not heroes and heroines.—MRS. O. RICHARDS, St. Helens, Lancs.

Armour Hatted

My grandfather, a foreman in a large factory, always wore a bowler hat at work. He said that it protected him from hot rivets. Bowlers were almost a badge of rank among foremen. But now they are out of favour and I am wondering why.—E. H. NECHELLS, Birmingham, 7.

They Also Serve

Getting from one part of my place of work to another involves crossing a main road. On each occasion I have to wait about five minutes for a break in the traffic.

I average eight journeys a day, six days a week. This amounts to four hours' lost working time.

There is no doubt about whose

highway it is. If possession is nine points of the law, the motorists have it.—R. W. LORIMER, New Wellington Street, Mill Hill, Blackburn.

. . . There should be subways or bridges across our main road. And why hundreds of miles of highway without footpaths? This compels pedestrians to walk among the traffic. —J. BROWN, Appletree Gardens, Newcastle upon Tyne.

Stage Fall

Lilian Botterill's article on amateur dramatics (JOHN BULL, September 13) reminds me of the time, in Amsterdam, when I saw a young performer accidentally fall flat on his face. That stimulated the audience to laughter and pepped up the show.

It would be interesting to know of other theatrical mistakes which have turned failures into successes.—THE REV. L. G. H. FARLEY, Marazion, Cornwall.

Happy Dad

I have been reading "How Much Money Do You Need For Happiness" ("Free Speech," September 6). My average earnings are £10 a week and I have no desire for a car or a house full of gadgets.

As soon as I get off my bus from

WIN A NEW CAR—FREE see page 45

ROCK
HUDSON
CYD
CHARISSE

co-starring
ARTHUR KENNEDY
PLUS LEIF ERICKSON
JOHN SAXON
SANDRA DEE

TWO UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL PICTURES
GENERAL
RELEASE
HAS
JUST BEGUN

Free Speech

continued from page 3

work I have ten lovely children waiting to meet me. They shout "Here's Dad," and they all want to carry things for me and hold my hands.

On arriving in the house there is a rush to fetch my slippers, my paper and my spectacles. They even take their tea without milk—"because Dad does."

To them, I am the best swimmer in the world, the best boxer and the king of cowboys. Of course, I am really none of these things. I am not their dad, either. I help my wife, who is housekeeper in a children's home. Happy? What do you think?—JAMES MCMULLEN, Jade Walk, Chilton, Co. Durham.

Bus Help

All London Transport conductors are not so unhelpful as the one encountered by Mrs. A. Spiers ("Free Speech," September 13).

My two children, aged five and seven, were taken past their bus stop while returning home from school. When the conductor discovered what was wrong he took them across the road, gave them money for their fare and told them to get the next bus back.—MRS. C. M. CHAMBERS, Hever Croft, Eltham, London, S.E.9.

Stimulating

I know a farmer who wanted to get a field of turnips hoed by a certain date. So he put a bottle of beer at the end of each row for his men to drink when they reached them. They finished hoeing the field three days before deadline. — RONALD W. P. WILLIS, Winsley, Ripley, Harrogate.

Chin Fluff

Why cannot towel manufacturers eliminate from their finished article the mass of superfluous fluff which clings to a man's chin even after a close shave?—G. D. BRESLIN, Westland Avenue, Londonderry.

"It depends on the quality of the towel," says a textile expert. "Poor-quality towels are loosely woven, but even the best tend to shed a few threads until they have been washed once or twice. It is almost impossible to avoid this."

Soccer Ring

My husband saw a player wearing a ring at a football match. Surely there is a rule against this, as it can cause accidental injury? — MRS. E. G. JACK, Dufftown, Banffshire.

"If the referee sees a player wearing a large ring, or one with a stone in it, he will order him to take it off," says the Football Association. "But he is not likely to take exception to an ordinary ring. There is a rule which bans players from wearing anything likely to be dangerous, but its interpretation is a matter for the referee."

Garden Danger

Wanting to clear our garden of wood lice I consulted the gardening section of a household book. "Mix bran and paris green and leave around in small quantities," it advised.

But a chemist told me that he refused to stock paris green because it contains arsenic and is fatal to birds and animals. Yet this substance is constantly recommended by horticultural experts.

It seems unnecessary to give advice which humane gardeners will not use.—MRS. FENBY, Rawcliffe Grove, Hull.

"Paris green certainly is dangerous," says the Rothamsted Experimental Station. "It's an old-fashioned remedy and, if used, should be put under plant pots, where birds and animals cannot reach it. Modern preparations such as D.D.T. are just as effective and very much safer. But even they must be used strictly according to instructions."

Kids' Lids

What a nerve soother it would be if someone would design a crash helmet for toddlers. I know they usually seem to be none the worse for their bruised heads. But as the

mother of two small boys I cannot help worrying whenever I hear a crash and a yell!—MRS. I. HILLIS, Craigbanzo Street, Faifley, Clydebank, Glasgow.

Sea Peril

On a pleasure trip along the coast I was appalled to see so many people aboard a vessel with so few lifeboats. I had just seen the film of the Titanic disaster, in which there were lifeboats for only 1,200 of the 2,200 aboard. But surely the laws have changed since then?—J. K. K., Rotherham, Yorks.

"The regulations vary according to conditions," says Lloyds. "Ocean-going vessels must have accommodation for everyone in the ship. But those operating only in coastal waters are required to have lifeboats for only sixty per cent."

Self-cure

I agree with the reader who claims that animals can find their own cures for illnesses ("Free Speech," September 20).

A friend of mine had two very fine pigs which suddenly fell ill. The vet tried everything, without success. Then, on the advice of an old farmer, the pigs were let out of their sty and allowed to wander.

They went to the limewashed walls of the dairy and licked them. This they repeated every day and soon they were quite better. There must have been something in the limewash that they needed.—MRS. P. LOYNDS, Whitehead Street, Blackburn.

"In this case the pigs obviously needed calcium," says a vet. "It's certainly not unusual for animals instinctively to seek their own remedies."

Scarecrows

I have seen many scarecrows, all of them dressed like men. Has anyone ever seen a female scarecrow?—W. R. BOWIE, High Street, Brora, Sutherlandshire.

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Margaret was a girl of spirit. To put this young man in his place, she would run her own fire brigade—with an engine to make his look like a steamroller

THROUGH FIRE AND WATER

by CLIVE BURNLEY

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HESELTINE

DURING a certain late spring at the end of the last century, the east wing of Wade Hall burst into flames. It was an event that had interesting consequences.

At the time, General Draxing was in India and the vast, old house was in the care of his wife and his twenty-year-old daughter, Margaret. Mrs. Draxing had achieved such a level of well-bred poise that a small matter like having one's house burned down could not really disturb her, and the defence of Wade Hall was, therefore, left to the bronze-haired and energetic Margaret, assisted by Osborn the butler and no fewer than twenty-six servants.

They trundled out the ancient hand-pump fire engine, they organized into bucket chains the villagers who came flocking to the scene. Manfully, the pumpers heaved on their handles, but vainly, too; the old leather hose they were using was rotten with mildew and full of holes.

Margaret issued orders, exhortations, encouragements. She took her turn at the pump handles and in the bucket chains. But she knew it was hopeless. Only a miracle could save them.

The miracle occurred.

When the octagonal belvedere on the east wing fell, it did so with such a tremendous and terrifying noise that the moments immediately following seemed very silent. And in that silence everyone heard the sound of a bell ringing furiously.

A few seconds later a heroic figure came galloping up the drive on a tall grey. The glare of the fire glittered on his great brass helmet. It deepened the colour of his scarlet uniform. It burnished his stern young face.

And only yards behind him, screeching and crunching over the gravel, with a furious shouting, ringing of bells and even the blowing of a post-horn, there came a monstrous thing. Four grey horses drew it, a dozen figures in brass helmets and scarlet uniform clung to its sides. It was a magnificent steam fire engine.

The bucket chain stopped, the pumpers dropped their handles, people cheered. The lean-faced young man ordered the first person he saw to hold his horse and went on to issue orders of one kind or another to everyone in sight. He didn't ask who was in charge; it was quite clear that he was.

Two hours later it was nearly all over. The house was saved. It now had five fewer rooms, but that was hardly a noticeable loss. The lean-faced young man stood on the lawn drinking a glass of brandy which Osborn had brought him, when Margaret Draxing, a little tousled, came to thank him for his night's work.

"Of course," she said, "I'll be very happy to pay whatever charges your brigade wishes to make. Would you let me know the amount and tell me to whom I should pay the money?"

He did not touch his helmet or bow; he grinned at her; Margaret Draxing was not used to being grinned at.

"Oh, don't worry about that," he said. "Glad to be able to help."

The girl stiffened. Already this unmannerly young man had, during the fire, given her several brusque orders; the further impertinence of this familiar approach irritated her very much.

"Of course I shall pay," she said, with finality. "Tell me where you come from."

"We're from the paper mill," he answered. "You know—Todd and Blackett's. I expect you can see our chimneys from your bedroom windows."

"I shall speak to your superiors," she said, "and pay them for your services."

The young man smiled. "I shouldn't bother," he said.

MARGARET said haughtily: "I dare say you are hungry after your exertions. Osborn—take this man to the kitchen and give him some porter or pie, or whatever the servants are having."

She left him, and so did the young man's smile. But Osborn looked after her admiringly. "That's the way you can always tell a lady," he said. "She knows how to put people in their place."

The young man looked for a moment as if he would knock the butler down; but he turned, shouted some instructions to his men and rode off. The cheers of the villagers brought back his smile.

Three days later, Margaret Draxing put her threat into effect. She drove up to the main entrance to Todd and Blackett's paper mill in her cream and black carriage, attended by driver and footmen in livery. The grizzled custodian of the gate was overwhelmed. When commanded to fetch the proprietor, he touched his forelock and scuttled away into the factory.

After five minutes Miss Draxing sent a footman into the factory to find out the cause of the discourteous delay. The man had not returned ten minutes later, and she was on the point of abandoning him altogether when he came down the cobbled yard of the mill, vainly endeavouring to hurry a young man in a check suit who accompanied him.

Without his shining helmet and scarlet uniform this man was now a less dramatic figure; but he was unmistakably the objectionable young man who had led the fire brigade.

"Oh, hallo," he said casually, "so it's you again."

"I wish to see the proprietor," said Margaret Draxing, patiently speaking only to her footman.

"Well, I own the place, if that's what you mean," answered the young man. "Name of Blackett. What is it you want?"

"You know why I have come," said Miss Draxing, accepting the situation with difficulty. "I wish to pay for the services of the fire brigade."

"Well, you can't," said Jack Blackett. "We don't accept payment. But we don't bear grudges either, so let us know next time the old baronial hall catches fire. That old hand pump of yours is about as much use as a leaky watering can."

"It's a perfectly sound engine," retorted Miss Draxing. "If the hose had been in better condition we'd have put the fire out without any help. It was only because. . . ."

Mr. Blackett laughed. "You'll excuse me, won't you?" he said. "I've got rather a lot to do. If you feel hungry after your drive, you could go across to the Red Lion over the road and have some beer and pickled onions with the mill hands: tell Mrs. Webster to charge it to me. So nice of you to call. Goodbye, Miss Draxing." And he strolled back into the factory.

Jack Blackett felt that the score was now about even. But it puzzled him that a girl of Margaret Draxing's vigorous beauty and intelligent eye should ever have become so pickled in pride as this.

Miss Draxing might well have been puzzled herself; she might have wondered exactly why it was she felt so furiously angry about the whole incident but she was not in the mood for dispassionate thought.

Back at Wade Hall, she summoned Osborn.

"I am never going to allow this house to be at the mercy of that insufferable young man again," she said. "Find out who makes the best fire engines. I'll have a brigade that will make his look like a funeral."

THE Draxings had money and were never loath to spend it when it was a matter of honour. The Wade Hall brigade was ready within a few months. It had the most expensive up-to-date steam fire engine procurable. It bore a nameplate like a railway locomotive's; it was called Heracles. Four skilled firemen from metropolitan brigades led the servants and tenants who made up the rest of the force. All wore uniform of striking light blue.

Jack Blackett riposted by naming his engine Ajax, and the forces were now marshalled for the long struggle between the reds and the blues, or the Rag and Bone Dragoons, which were Todd and Blackett's, so called locally because of the supposed ingredients of the paper made at the mill; and Milady's Toy Soldiers.

The first blaze at which the opposing forces met was at Victory Cottages, Little Chivering, but Jack Blackett got there first and monopolized the only water supply. Shortly afterwards, Milady came up at the head of her Toy Soldiers, riding side-saddle on a bay and wearing a lightweight but exceptionally shiny helmet.

"Mr. Blackett," she said, "this property belongs to my family. You're trespassing. I order you to leave."

"Don't be crazy," answered Jack. "If we give that fire its head for ten

Margaret was furious. How dare this upstart young fireman give her orders. "I shall speak to your superiors," she said

Through fire and water

continued from previous page

minutes while we change over, there won't be any property left to belong to anybody."

This statement was unanswerable. The Wade Hall Brigade's men were forced to look on, which they did with sullen expressions on their faces.

The next local fire was a much larger affair; Pixott Mill by Barley Green went up in flames in September. There was scope enough and water enough for both brigades—excitement enough, too. Jack Blackett rescued old Madge Bailey, who had been crippled by rheumatism for years, and came out with his eyebrows burnt off and the seat of his trousers on fire. And a smouldering oak beam stove a sizeable dent in Miss Draxing's elegant helmet.

She was being supported by Osborn while she shook the dizziness out of her head when Jack Blackett—squelching with all the water they had used to put his trousers out—seized her arm roughly.

"There's trouble enough here without your making it worse," he told her sharply. "Keep back, can't you? Do you want to get killed?"

"How dare you speak to me like that!" she said furiously. "I'm here with a fire brigade, whether I'm a woman or not; I've as much right to risk my life as you or anyone else."

"You're too pretty to die just yet," Jack told her. "And anyway, you ought to be ducked as a scold, not burned as a witch. You keep your distance."

Apart from this minor incident this was perhaps the friendliest fire attended by both brigades; they were too busy to brawl. At the rick fires at Burton's Crossing a little later, hoses were cut, and on two occasions the local constable had to intervene to prevent greater violence. When Cotteshoe Church roof caught alight, parties of reds and blues stood outside the lych gate swopping threats and taunts and squaring up to each other until the vicar came out.

It was at this point that Jack Blackett called at Wade Hall to try to negotiate a truce, only to be told by Osborn that Miss Draxing was out, although that young lady was taking pains to make herself visible in the conservatory on the east terrace. She was immensely angry when the papermaker strode across the rose garden and into the glasshouse; it was only what she might have expected, she told him, from a person of no culture or breeding.

He hadn't come to argue about manners, he said. He was sick to death of squabbling. Couldn't they agree on what territories each should cover?

"Certainly," said Margaret. "If you undertake to keep inside your factory. I certainly shan't send my brigade there. The Draxings have looked after the Royde Valley, Mr. Blackett, from Latching right out to Quidcaster, ever since the Conquest. You're an intruder; a bumptious and impertinent upstart."

Jack Blackett shook his head in bewilderment. "I don't know," he said, "you're pretty, you're not stupid, you couldn't be crossed in love, you've got all you want in this world. I wonder where the devil you get all this vinegar?"

And he walked away disconsolately through the park.

He was not the only person worried by the present state of affairs. "Margaret," said Mrs. Draxing, "riding to hounds is one thing, but galloping about the countryside at the head of a fire brigade is something quite different.

"Do you realize we haven't heard from Cecil for over three months? It would be such a good match for you. I'm sure he doesn't approve of all this, you know. And if this young man from that awful factory is such an unpleasant person, aren't you paying him much too great a compliment by being, as it were, at war with him?"

Her daughter did not answer her question. Instead she said in a rather surprised voice: "I'd forgotten all about Cecil."

This astonished her mother, too; Cecil was Lord Toxeter, a young suitor whose capture had seemed so important to Margaret so short a time since.

By this time the population of the entire Royde Valley had taken sides, one way or the other, in the battle of the brigades. But in the delightful little village of Quidcaster, they regarded the contest from rather a specialized angle, perhaps because there were racing stables in the parish. In fact Dick Olby, who was the principal conspirator in what followed, had been a jockey and was now a grey-headed little pixy of a man, garrulous and astute. He and his cronies at the Blackamoor's Head weren't interested in the rivalry between the brigades except in so far as it was a thing they could bet about. What irritated them was the fact that it was so very difficult to bet about it; the parties concerned never ran a straight race. And this was what Dick Olby set out to rectify.

THE GATE

How often has this cottage gate
Opened and shut to joy and pain,
Accepting, country-wise, the fate
Of summer heat or whip of rain.

A craftsman made it and his skill
And love, enriched by Time, still stand
In this old cottage gate, fulfil
The purpose of his heart and hand.

DOUGLAS GIBSON

Quidcaster village green was precisely eight miles from Wade Hall and exactly the same distance from Todd and Blackett's paper mill. Dick Olby arranged that on an appointed day messengers should be sent to call out the two brigades at the same instant. The race would be on, with Dick and his friends in the grandstand at the Blackamoor's Head, where they would wait in delightful suspense to see which colour uniform would first appear.

The whole thing was a credit to Dick's organizing ability; it was hardly his fault that the plan miscarried.

The alarms were given just as he had planned. The Rag-and-Bone Brigade made their customary smart turnout, but several minutes before them their captain set out, as was his custom, on his tall grey; he loved these furious rides and went clattering down the hill like Turpin on his way to York.

He reached the road junction at Latchingdon, outside the Spread Eagle, and spared a quick glance along the narrow highway that came in on his right; he knew that this was the way from Wade Hall. Coming over the brow of a hill half a mile away he saw another rider; only a tiny silhouette against the sky, yet he could tell it was Margaret Draxing, riding in advance of her forces, just as he was of his.

He spurred on to Quidcaster, but he had barely drawn rein on the green when she was beside him.

"Where is it?" she demanded.

Jack didn't know. There wasn't a glow in the sky anywhere. There seemed to be a surprising number of people about, but none of them seemed to be particularly anxious.

"Damned odd," said Jack Blackett.

"Very peculiar," agreed Margaret Draxing.

It was soon established that there was no fire in Quidcaster. But the whole atmosphere of the village was strange; why did people keep on staring up the road so expectantly?

But after a while the two brass-helmeted figures on horseback were also staring up the road a little anxiously. Both knew that their brigades should have arrived by now.

"It's a good practice turn out," said Jack at last. "But perhaps we'd better ride back and stop the lads. No sense in knocking up good horses."

"Yes," said Margaret, "Let's."

Jack glanced at her in surprise. It was the first time she had ever agreed with him about anything.

They rode back together. There was now a tremendous red glow in the sky, but one beyond their strength to douse; they were riding towards a crimson sunset which bathed the countryside in pink light. They did not ride fast; not, that is, until they reached the fringe of trees outside Latchingdon and heard dreadful noises of riot and confusion.

Cantering out of the cover of the copse, they came upon the battle. In the centre of it, belching smoke, their wheels locked at the road junction, stood Heracles and Ajax, their teams stamping and fidgeting, and around the two gleaming engines knots of men in bright uniforms and brass helmets wrestled and reeled and swung punches and swore and staggered over the road and through the ragged hedges.

As Margaret watched, one of her blue-clad postilions sent a Todd and Blackett engineman reeling into the scummy duckpond that lies beside the Spread Eagle yard, only to be crumpled into a boneless heap a moment later by the fist of a gigantic fireman in red.

Miss Draxing felt sick and clung to her horse in rather an undignified position. This nauseating ferocity was outside her experience.

But Jack had dismounted and rushed towards the riot, shouting to Osborn: "The hose! The hose, you fool!"

Seconds later, the brawlers were drenched, bowled over, sent sprawling, by a lusty jet of cold and dirty water from the green duckpond. Its spray revived the semi-conscious casualties. In a few minutes the battle was over and a group of bedraggled men stood dripping in bow-legged attitudes on the forecourt of the inn.

Jack Blackett had them retrieve the fire engines and park them before the Spread Eagle; then he swore at them, individually and collectively, while they stood shamefaced, reds and blues alike; and then he ordered them into the inn, which cheered them considerably, to dry off at the kitchen fire and drink a quart of beer apiece.

Margaret Draxing had taken no part in these events; she continued to cling, limp and pallid, to her horse, until Jack Blackett came to lead it to the inn, help her down, and conduct her to the little panelled parlour, where he sat her down in a wicker chair and prescribed brandy and water.

"It's all my fault," she said.

"There, there," said Jack. "Never mind that, now."

"You must hate me," she said, "for all the trouble I've caused."

"Quite the contrary, Miss Draxing, I assure you."

She looked up at him steadily. "You know what the contrary is, I suppose?" she asked. "If you do, stop calling me Miss Draxing. My name is Margaret."

He spilled the glass of brandy he was pouring. This was a decade when Christian name terms were never lightly accorded.

"Margaret," he said, and knelt beside her chair, and kissed her. . . .

"Oh, Jack," she told him, a little later, "how terribly I hated you. Not because we'd been rude to each other or because your factory spoilt my view or for any reason—except that I'd fallen in love with you, and I was silly enough to resent any man having that sort of hold over me."

"That's it!" he said. "Now I come to think of it, my angel, I was rude to you for exactly that very reason, but I was never clever enough to understand it; at least not until that beam fell on your head at Pixott Mill."

"And I never realized it," she told him, "until I suddenly found out that I'd completely forgotten poor Cecil—aren't people stupid, my darling, never knowing what they really mean?"

But by this time the firemen in the tavern kitchen, steaming dry by the range and taking great swigs at their beer, were beginning to display other aspects of human stupidity. Voices were being raised and fists brandished; Osborn was getting more worried and alarmed every minute. Finally he ran for help. . . .

This time Margaret Draxing was ready to face the situation; something—Osborn did not yet know what—had inspired her with her old resolution or with a greater confidence. With Jack running to catch her up, she went in haste to the kitchen and the raised voices were instantly hushed at the sight of her.

"Firemen," she said, "in future any one of you who presumes to lift a hand against another will be instantly dismissed. Henceforth," she said, "the two brigades are amalgamated."

They were a little bewildered. "But under whose command, ma'am?" asked Osborn with a worried look on his face.

"Under my husband's," said Margaret Draxing, putting her arm on Jack's shoulder. "Mr. Blackett and I are engaged to be married."

This incredible news took some moments to get through to her audience. There was a mutter of exclamations, a mumbling of words. And then, quite suddenly, the men began to cheer. . . .

A full two hours later, Mr. Blackett and Miss Draxing started out to return to Wade Hall, not riding singly, but sitting up with their arms round each other's waists on Heracles, waving and smiling; off they went with bells ringing, posthorns blowing, bringing the people swarming in wonder out of the houses in every village they passed through.

The landlord of the inn watched them go from his cobbled forecourt; there had never been such a day at the Spread Eagle—first a bloody battle all over his yard, and then this uproarious celebration. It would make a fine tale to tell, and he was happy to see approaching his door a stranger he could tell it to.

It was Dick Olby, fleeing from the taunts of the townsmen of Quidcaster, in search of a restorative. THE END

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Golden gift of the gab

by JEROME HOOD

Richard Dimbleby keeps on talking. In any event his flow of words turns trouble into triumph

At the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, all was confusion. The most distinguished party in the land—a party comprising the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, the President of France and his wife—was half an hour late for a gala performance of the ballet. On the steps outside, anxious eyes awaited the royal Rolls. In the foyer a fat man in evening dress spoke ceaselessly to several million people about wallpaper.

For Richard Dimbleby, the spectre of a lifetime was in sight. He was running out of words. Booked by the B.B.C. to give a fifteen-minute commentary, he had already spoken for half an hour before being told, by headphone, that he would have to stay on the air until further notice. "Just keep going, Richard," the producer had said.

Richard kept going. After forty-five minutes, he had discussed the ballet, the theatre, the décor, the wallpaper, the curtains and the carpets. When, a few minutes later, he went on to describe the electric light bulbs, a tremor among the flunkeys brought the first sign of merciful release. The words had not, after all, run out.

Vast and mellifluous

Frederick Richard Dimbleby, forty-five years old, vast of paunch and mellifluous of voice, had demonstrated again his most outstanding gift—the gift of the gab. It is a gift that has brought him an income estimated at £20,000 a year, a company worth £200,000, a magnificent Rolls-Royce, and more columns of personal abuse than he has time to read.

Words pour from Dimbleby. A big, cordial man with a pink and white face that is a cross between that of Goering, Henry the Eighth and the keener sort of scoutmaster, he is able to talk about anything, at any time, anywhere. In Paris some time ago, reporting a fashion show on a river boat, he found that owing to the incalculable planning of French technicians he had been stationed in the mannequins' dressing-room. An additional complication was that the dresses were not ready.

While the handsome and uninhibited girls stripped for action all around him, Dimbleby kept his eyes on the camera and enlarged on the beauties of the Seine.

This sheer ability to go on talking has made Dimbleby, after twenty-two years of broadcasting, a pillar of the B.B.C. It has also earned him, from one of the more august newspapers, the title of "our Public Orator"; a description, his friends think, that Dimbleby regards as nothing more than his due.

"There is no doubt," says a producer who has worked with him, "that on the bigger jobs Richard regards himself as the voice of Britain. He is a kind of mobile Establishment. He doesn't nip up on the eight-twenty, like the rest of the radio and press. He appears in his Rolls."

During the Queen's State Visit to Holland this year, observers detected a pensive look cross the face of the

continued on page 34

Dimbleby prepares for a TV relay from Paris. Abroad he's been known to outshine the British ambassador

She can lurk unseen for months—then wreck a continent from the ocean depths. A famous strategist reveals . . .

The frightening truth about Nautilus

by Air Chief Marshal SIR PHILIP JOUBERT

Inside Nautilus. Ex-German U-boat officer Hans Schwarz, invited aboard at Weymouth, sits at the hydroplane gear. How Nautilus "sees" her way when under the ice is still a secret

WITHOUT any question, Nautilus, the American submarine which we saw this summer in Weymouth Harbour after her fantastic cruise beneath the ice of the North Pole, has changed the strategy of warfare.

More than two years ago I risked some criticism by stating that the rocket-armed submarine was the capital ship of the future, and that it would replace the aircraft carrier, which only a short time ago ousted the battleship from its commanding position.

Nautilus confirms that prophecy.

Look at her capabilities. She carries an armoury of Polaris rockets, each of them with a warhead of at least a kiloton. Her endurance under water is greater than her crew can stand; it is probably as long as two months. Her speed when submerged is admitted to be at least twenty knots, it may well be half as much again.

Quite as important—perhaps even most important—is Nautilus's ability to navigate uncharted depths at speed. Her captain stated that he proceeded at twenty knots along a submarine valley. The shape of that valley must have been unknown, since no surface ship could have examined it. No soundings of it could have been taken through an ice cap many feet in depth.

By some secret means, Nautilus must have been able to follow a course which kept her in the middle of the undersea valley and she must have had early warning of obstacles in her way. The problem of navigating in the cold dark of the depths has been solved.

Nobody need be very surprised about this. Asdic, the method of detecting underwater targets, was devised and developed by the British many years ago. The Germans almost certainly got the secret when they captured a British submarine. Many of Germany's new weapons were seized by the Russians in 1945. So something like the American navigating device is known to the Russians; there is evidence of this.

Where does all this lead us?

If the world remains at peace, the

THE SHAPE

submarine developments can revolutionize some forms of trade. Russia will have a particular advantage. For many years she has been striving to gain a warm water port, open all the year round.

With a route under the ice, Russia's eastern and western empires can keep in touch all the year round, by developing Murmansk, an ice-free port on her north-western coast, and by installing submarine "lighthouses" at the turning points of the route.

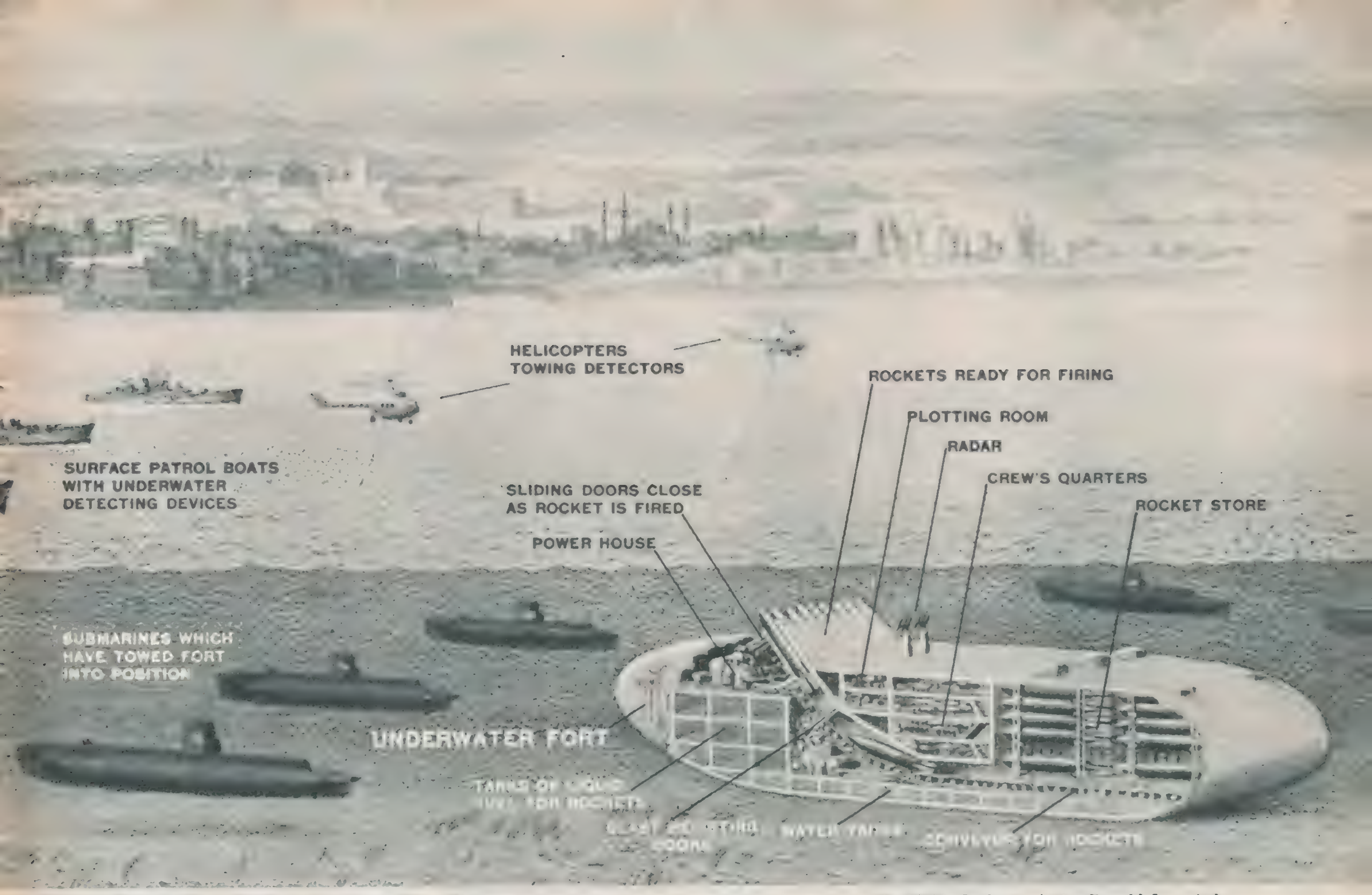
There are, of course, certain technical difficulties to be overcome before submarine merchant vessels can be used in this way. But Russia is not likely to let money stand in the way. We may be certain that before long she will have a covered way from Murmansk to Vladivostok.

Not only Russia, however, will benefit in peacetime. For example, the trade route from London to Tokyo would be halved in length. And a merchant fleet would be able to attain very high speeds underwater, where the sea has no waves—speeds of probably sixty knots or more, as against the forty knots that is considered the safe limit for normal surface vessels.

Such a merchant fleet could also, with obvious advantages, carry troops swiftly and with great safety in times of war. But this is not the main strategical aspect of the problem with which Nautilus has faced the armed forces of the world.

It must be common knowledge now that rocket missiles can be fired from underwater. The Germans conducted successful experiments to this end in 1944, using the V2. The American Navy has repeatedly fired Polaris in the same way. And now coastal bombardment with atomic and nuclear missiles is possible from under the sea.

But the submarine must know its



OF WAR TO COME

Underwater rocket bases could revolutionize war, says Sir Philip Joubert. Artist Ronald Lampitt's impression of the idea—"not so absurd as it may seem"—shows an enemy fort and defence forces

position fairly exactly. This is where Nautilus's navigation of the underwater valley at speed becomes so significant.

Within the past two years there have been a number of reports of unidentified submarines operating in American coastal waters. In one case two of them were refuelled by a Russian tanker.

Were they, with some such device as Nautilus used, getting a picture of obstacles at the bottom of the sea? If Russia proposes to use the missile-armed submarine as a major weapon in war, she would need to map the undersea approaches to enemy ports.

Hide and seek under ice

Modern submarines can hide under the north polar ice, free from attack from above, with a vast escape area available, and then emerge to carry out devastating operations.

With undersea maps, Russian submarines could approach enemy ports in comparative safety and, with their existing intermediate ballistic missile having a range of some five hundred miles, could hold at their mercy every seaport in the United States—and every big town in Britain.

Russia's newer rocket would be far more overwhelming in effect, with a range of 1,500 miles.

One thing is certain: there must be a drastic re-thinking and re-orientation of defence policy. If the major cities of such a continent as America are exposed to the threat of submarine bombardment—and our own island is much more vulnerable—of what use are surface ships, armies and aircraft?

The carrier task force of surface ships is at present our navy's chief weapon. At the moment it is accepted naval policy that the main responsibility of our warships is to ensure "the safe and timely arrival of convoys," and that their safety will be assured by the carrier task forces.

Many authorities disagree, maintaining that the Admiralty is "slogan conscious," and, in following the precedent of previous wars, is making a grave mistake. In the last war the anti-submarine forces found their best hunting round the convoys.

This may happen again if our trade goes into convoy. But will it? A complete convoy and its escorts can be destroyed, it is argued, by a missile-carrying atomic submarine with one shot. So why go into convoy?

The carrier task forces will therefore be limited to an attempt to cope with enemy submarines in narrow waters; to search for them in the open seas would surely be a waste of time.

The army's rôle in any future global war can be dismissed in three words—police forces only.

Aircraft would still be a menace to submarines cruising in narrow and shallow waters, but not of much use in the wide oceans. In the last war submarines were really vulnerable to air attack only when they were forced to surface in pursuit of a convoy or to ventilate their hulls and recharge their batteries. When fully submerged they were fairly safe, and even when using the snorkel breathing apparatus they were a difficult target.

Today they have little need to come to the surface. Even older types using the snorkel for ventilation and with an underwater speed of some eighteen knots can overtake a convoy without exposing themselves. Atomic-powered boats are faster still.

What, then, is the defence against the modern submarine?

A few weeks ago I was discussing with another air force officer the possibility that a type of vessel, made of concrete and shaped somewhat like a sausage, could be towed across the Atlantic by Russian submarines and grounded in shallow water.

If armed with rockets, a number of such vessels could destroy all America's ports and cities on her eastern seaboard. We called them underwater "forts." We imagined them built on the lines of the "Mulberry" caissons that were towed across the Channel for the Normandy landings. They would differ from "Mulberries" in being completely submerged. They could hold and fire many I.R.B.M.s and would be almost impossible to detect.

This piece of science fiction is not so absurd as it may seem, and it may have another application.

These "forts" could be used equally to defend important points on a coastline. They would be equipped with long-range homing torpedoes to fire at approaching enemy submarines.

Supplies and relief for crews could be provided by methods that are already well understood.

The Listening Line

In front of the line of forts would be an air patrol line, probably of helicopters towing submerged listening devices, and little ships similarly equipped.

Farther out still would be the submarine patrol line, also listening at depth for the enemy, and from time to time closing up to the ports from which his submarines sail in the hope of catching unsuspecting crews.

In addition, of course, a counter offensive is possible and necessary. The destruction of the enemy's bases would be one of the quickest ways of achieving victory. For this, missiles fired from land, sea and air would be required. Submarines, missile ships, inter-continental missiles and aircraft would form the striking force.

At present Britain has suitable aircraft and the stand-off bomb, a form of airborne missile. For the three other requirements we should be almost completely dependent on America. Many of us feel strongly that we should, at all costs, be equipped to do the job ourselves.

And remember that the voyage of Nautilus, with all it implies, has made vulnerable to attack Russia's long northern flank that has hitherto been guarded by ice. But this is also true of Canada's northern frontier.

In this and in every way, therefore, Nautilus has emerged from the ice to insist on re-orientation of strategy.

The major part of the navy must in future be underwater; the balance would be missile ships and patrol vessels.

The army must become a police task force, moved as required by R.A.F. transport. The army would also man the underwater "forts."

The air force must have its bombers, a few manned fighters for specialist tasks, and an armoury of missiles.

A long time ago Jules Verne wrote *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under The Sea*, in which Captain Nemo, skipper of a remarkable submarine vessel, set his hand against the world and preyed on shipping; as recreation, when depressed by his sad and lonely existence, he played upon an organ in the vessel's saloon.

The wardroom of the modern Nautilus has many amenities, but not an organ. Her appearance from under the ice, however, has posed immense problems for the world which it is vital for us to understand, and to work to solve—even by methods that appear as wildly improbable as Verne's romantic prophecy once seemed. THE END

THE NORTHERN LIGHT

The brilliant new novel by

A.J. CRONIN

Wellsby leaned back and said: "Don't cut your own throat Henry. Sell now"

Page was fighting for his life now —against enemies who would stop at nothing. And even in his own family they found weapons to use against him

HENRY PAGE turned pale. The vein in his neck beat fast. He said, "I tell you outright, even if I were desperate to sell, I would never do so to the *Gazette*."

"Then we'll have to see that you get a little extra competition." Leonard Nye retorted. "And believe me, it will be strong. . . ."

Henry Page was owner-editor of the Hedleston newspaper, the *Northern Light*. Now, for some reason, rival combines of Fleet Street's gutter-press were competing to buy him out. . . . This man Nye and his colleague, Harold Smith, had been sent up to Hedleston by the newspaper tycoon Vernon Somerville to do just that.

Page knew what would happen to his paper if he sold it. It would peddle sex and sensation, like the rest of the Somerville papers. Henry was prepared to fight to the death to prevent that happening.

Nye's threat soon became fact. Somerville bought out another local paper, the *Daily Chronicle*, and Page knew that the fight was on in earnest.

He had other problems, too. He was in poor health. His wife Alice, and his daughter Dorothy, were no comfort or support; nor was his son David, who lived like a recluse in the nearby fishing village of Sleedon. Cora, David's warm-hearted working-class wife, was the only bright spot in Henry's private world. . . .

Then came the first really shattering blow. Page had been wondering why Fleet Street was suddenly so interested in Hedleston—and the answer burst like a bomb with the first issue of Somerville's new *Chronicle*. On the front page, in huge headlines, was the news that an atomic power station was to be built on the outskirts of the town. This would mean a tremendous growth of population.

It was a scoop for the *Chronicle*.

That day, when Henry Page heard the newsvendor outside his office calling the *Light*, it seemed a thin and solitary cry. . . .

PART TWO

THE blow delivered in that first edition of the *Chronicle* proved less damaging than Page had feared. The people of the town were resentful of the news itself.

Apart from some commercial interests, nobody wanted an atomic pile on Hedleston's doorstep, nor a sprawling new suburb which must certainly deface the natural beauties of Utley Moor. And when, a few days later, the Parliamentary Under Secretary announced that work would not begin on

ILLUSTRATED
BY ZELINSKI

"Cheer up," Page told Cora. "Everything's going to be all right . . . for all of us"

the project until the following January, the sensation seemed to fall flat.

Even so, the pressure on the *Light* had begun, and it was continued with hectic intensity. Never had Henry imagined that so many shoddy devices could be used to sell a newspaper.

The paper itself was in full cry, saturated with the *Gazette's* sensationalism and supplemented by the inimitable contributions of that female reporter whose pseudonym was Tina Tingle. Every day Tina Tingle produced a feature article which, since her subjects ranged from the pains of childbirth to the pangs of the menopause, was presumably for her own sex, although Henry gathered that it made choice reading for local youths.

In addition, with indomitable energy she conducted a question-and-answer agony column of nauseating intimacy entitled "Tina Tingle's Tribune," wherein the queries fell automatically into one of two categories: the first anticipating the bliss of the married state, the second bemoaning its miseries.

In the face of this, it was difficult to maintain calm and to hold to a fixed policy of detachment. Henry's only consolation was the thought that Nye and his colleague were spending money like water. Yet he, on his side, was losing circulation.

This morning he sat gloomily skimming the pages of the *Chronicle*. He had noted without enthusiasm, that a man in Bradford, in thirty years of marriage, had kissed his wife 52,000 times, and that a Mexican woman had given birth to an infant with two heads, when there came a tap on the door and Horace Balmer came in.

"I'm in trouble, Henry," Balmer began, with his usual camaraderie. "I can't sell our advertising at the price." As Page remained silent he went on. "They are undercutting our rates at every turn. I believe in some cases simply giving space away."

"That's rather stupid, surely."

"I'm afraid I don't agree. In my opinion they're a very smart lot. They go around saying they'll soon be the only paper in town, offering long-term contracts at favourable rates. We lost Henderson and Byles last week. Some of our oldest accounts are beginning to look shaky, so I'm afraid there's only one thing to do."

"What's that?"

"We must come down a bit."

"No."

"But why?"

"It's unethical. And it doesn't make sense. If we cut, they'll cut further. We've given our advertisers solid value for a hundred and fifty years. We have our standards. I won't lower them by engaging in a cut-throat price war."

The interview with Balmer was, in fact, the beginning of a day in which nothing seemed to go right. Towards five o'clock Henry decided to call it quits and try to find peace at home.

Unfortunately, the domestic climate during these recent months had changed. Henry, not long after his marriage, realizing that he had made a mistake and must live with it, that Alice was unsuited to him both in mind and body, had set out philosophically, in his own phrase, "to make the best of things."

Now, however, in his wife's manner and, indeed, in Dorothy's, there could be sensed an air of hostility expressed by a chilliness of tone when they addressed him. Thus, when he entered the house this evening it was surprising to be greeted with a note of animation.

They were in the sitting-room having tea, and Alice actually smiled at him.

"Come and have a cup, Henry. We've such capital news."

"Good," Henry said, "I can do with it." Accepting his cup, he sat down and stirred it.

"You'll never guess, never." Alice drew a long breath. "Dorrie has won twenty guineas."

"Wasn't I lucky?" Dorothy exclaimed. "And bright."

Henry was tired. He wondered if by some wild freak of chance this was some prize she had won at the art school. "Well done," he said absently. Then he knew it couldn't possibly be that. He looked up at Dorothy. "What for?"

"It was like this. I was walking back from the station as usual. When I came to our road I noticed a couple of chaps at the corner, strangers, you know, talking together as if they'd lost their way. Sure enough, as I came up the one with a little black bag said to me, 'Excuse me, Miss, is this Hanley Drive?' 'Yes, it is,' I said, then I noticed a red, white and blue ribbon in his buttonhole and like a flash I said, 'And you're the Treasure Man!' He gave me such a nice smile. 'Sure,' he said, 'and you're a very clever young lady to spot me.' "

"Wasn't that exciting, Henry?" Alice broke in. "What's more, the man said to her, 'Since nobody's spotted me for four days, you don't get five guineas, you get twenty.' And he opened his little bag and counted out twenty-one brand-new treasury notes into Dorrie's hand."

"It was a thrill, all right," Dorothy said. "They took my picture, too. Why, what's the matter . . .?"

"How could you get the money . . .?" Henry's voice came unnatural and stiff. "To win it you must be carrying a copy of the *Chronicle*."

"Well, I was."

"Do you mean to tell me you actually bought their paper?"

Alice's expression changed slightly.

"Now, Henry," she said. "Don't get

The Northern Light

continued from previous page

on your high horse. I like to know what's going on."

"So Dorothy buys the paper for you?"

"Why not?" Her flush had now deepened, but she defended herself, calling up her most ladylike manner. "I enjoy their society news. Goodness knows I get little enough from you. Where's the harm?"

HENRY could hardly speak. "Harm! These people are out to destroy us and you calmly support their paper. I never heard of such disloyalty. While you"—he turned to Dorothy—"gushing about your luck like a little idiot . . . don't you realize the whole thing was a plant?"

As he got up and, choked with bitterness, moved towards the door, Dorothy began to cry.

"You're very unkind. You spoil everything."

For once, Alice, who looked subdued and put out, did not support her.

Henry knew what to expect of the incident and next morning his fears were amply realized. On the middle page of the *Chronicle* a full-length photograph of his daughter carried the caption: DOROTHY PAGE WINS OUR JUMBO JACKPOT. She was smiling, ostentatiously displaying a copy of the paper and accepting, with her other hand, a fan of treasury notes. Bracing himself, he read what followed:

> Seventeen-year-old Dorothy Page, charming, vivacious and pretty brunette (why did you not enter our beauty contest, naughty girl? You might have hit that jackpot, too), yesterday successfully spotted our Mystery Treasure Man and romped home with the bacon to the tune of twenty golden guineas. Our heartiest congrats, Dorothy!
>
> Miss Page, known to her intimates as Dorrie, and daughter, incidentally, of Mr. H. Page, editor of our friendly rival the *Northern Light*, had some interesting comments for our reporter. Both she and her mother are regular and devoted readers of the *Chronicle*, which, they both feel, brings much-needed new blood to Hedleston and district. One of the younger set, Dorrie, art school student and no slouch on the dance floor, enjoys a good movie, Jackie Dibbs' records and, pardon us again, the *Chronicle*. Like so many others, impatient with slow-motion living, she has no time for that dull spirit of old-fogeyism which for years has been stifling all that is go-ahead and progressive in the town. "After all," Dorothy smiled, "we're in the atomic, not the stone age. We ought to live a little faster than in the days of ye old stage coach. I'm all for rock 'n' roll. I believe the *Chronicle* helps." Well spoken, Dorrie! We value your words, coming as they do from the daughter of Henry Page. We hope our readers will agree that they are high praise indeed. . . .

WHEN Henry went into the conference room a sense of oppression was in the air. Page felt grateful to Maitland when he broke the general constraint.

"Well, Henry—they did a very neat job on poor Dorothy."

"She was partly to blame."

"Yes, but naturally she didn't guess what it was all about."

"At least they didn't slander us, merely suggested we were out of date."

Surly, Balmer put in his word. "In my view that's worse than abuse."

"It's this fellow Nye," Poole said. "He's master-minding the whole issue. I saw him playing billiards at the Lion the other night. He's a smooth devil."

"We'll just have to laugh it off," Maitland said.

"How can we laugh it off?" Balmer said sourly. "If they're clever enough to think up these things, we ought to think of something better."

Henry felt he must end the discussion before they started disagreeing amongst themselves.

"It's natural to want to hit back," he said. "But I'm convinced that a policy of restraint will pay dividends in the end. The town will respect us for it. And that's the one thing that will enable us to survive all the mud they can throw at us—the respect of the people."

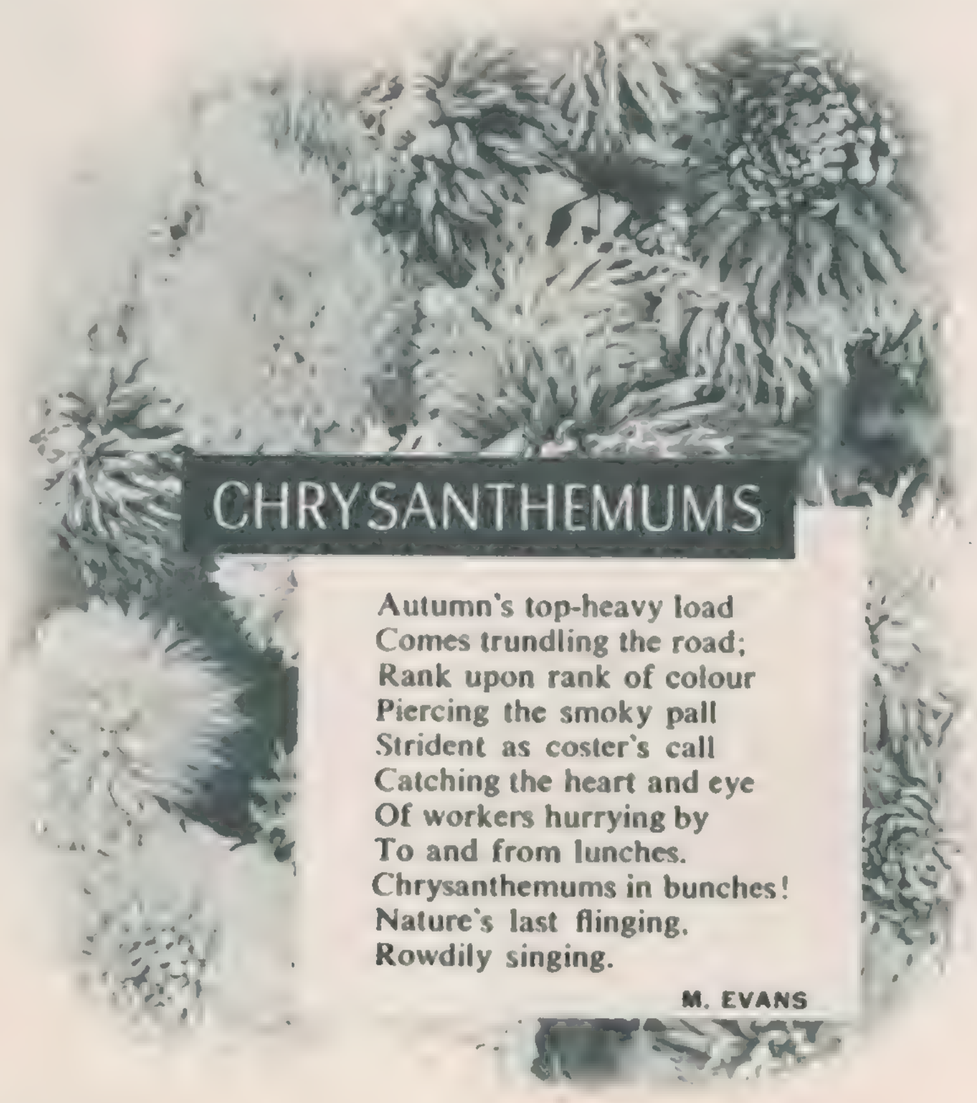
"The people!" Poole exploded, throwing back his head.

"Don't write them off," Maitland said quietly. "I believe they'll stand by us in a pinch."

"I hope you're right," Poole said.

A rather grim silence followed; then, without further argument, they got down to business.

Yet all day the rankling conviction remained with Henry that he had been not only scored against, but made to look ridiculous in the eyes of all who knew him. Because of this, when he left the office at six o'clock, he made a point of stopping in at the Northern Counties Club. Lately, he had fallen into the habit of avoiding unnecessary personal contacts. Averse to discussing his worries, he wanted neither encouragement nor condolences—but now, in the interests of the paper, he felt the necessity of publicly displaying an attitude of indifference to this recent incident.



The Northern Counties, known in Hedleston simply as the Club, was an ancient and honourable institution, the meeting place of the royal borough's leading citizens. Built of grey stone, its outward look was that of a mausoleum.

Within, however, there were light, warmth, and the comforting aroma of ood tobacco. Nodding to Duncan, the porter, Henry paused from habit at the bulletin board, and there, among the assortment of dog-eared notices, his eye, quite unprepared, was caught and held by the name Harold Smith. Yes, it was the manager of the *Chronicle*, proposed for membership by Herbert Rickaby, seconded by, of all people, the rector of St. Mark's. For a moment Henry stood immobile, completely taken aback. That Smith should secure so early this acceptance by the more responsible members of the community was another, and an unforeseen, blow. However, with an effort he pulled himself together and, resolved to make no comment on the matter, walked towards the lounge.

Not many members were about when he entered, although he sensed that his appearance had caused a slight stir. Then, between the Pompeian pillars of imitation marble that supported the ornate Victorian ceiling, he saw Sir Archibald Wellsby and Dr. Bard standing together by the fire. He went towards them.

"Well!" Wellsby saluted him with a hearty back slap. "Here's the proud papa, himself."

Short, heavy, bald, and ruddy, with a small, good-natured, and humorously lewd red eye, Archibald Wellsby, or, as he preferred to be called, Sir Archie, exuded a persistent sporty joviality belied by the keenness of a business acumen that had made a fortune for him in the boot trade, and which he confidentially believed would carry him still further.

"I hear you've got these *Chronicle* fellows really scared, Henry. Not three months in town and they're pouring guineas into your lap. How d'you do it, man?"

"Better ask Dorothy." Henry smiled. "She was pretty sharp to spot the fellow," Bard intervened pleasantly.

"And gave a pretty good account of herself." Wellsby chuckled. "I wish some of my lot had as much gumption."

Page knew, of course, that beneath the banter they were both well aware he had been hurt; their predictions of his eventual victory seemed too ready and profuse. With inherent kindness Edward Bard, who was his oldest friend, changed the subject, but several times Henry caught Wellsby's narrowed glance upon him, weighing him up, assessing the damage to his prestige and his paper.

He had always sensed that Wellsby entertained an amused contempt for him, as a man who neither drank, smoked, fished, shot, nor told off-colour stories.

Still, as they talked, and later, when they were joined by other members, Henry managed to put a good face on things, and when he left, half an hour later, he believed that the effort had been worth while.

SUMMER, that year, was wet and cold. Both at the office and at home Page's life was as cheerless as the weather. In his overworked and worried state the attitude of afflicted reasonableness which Alice was now adopting began to wear him down.

Towards the end of June, when he told her that a holiday would be impossible for him this year and suggested she take Dorothy to her favourite Torquay, she shook her head with a reproachful smile.

"No, dear. If we cannot go together, *properly*, I'd rather not go at all."

Dorothy's resentment was more overt and she would bounce past Henry on the stairs with no more than a mumbled word.

And as the weeks went on, was it merely his fancy, or did his acquaintances in the town suddenly become embarrassed when he met them? During the first week of August an encounter with the Reverend Gilmore in Victoria Street brought this to a head. The rector saw Henry too late to avoid him and, caught in an obvious desire to cross the street, covered this with an excess of cordiality.

"Ah, Henry, my friend, how are you?"

"I'm having a difficult time," he said bluntly. "So difficult that I'd be glad of your moral support."

"In what way?" Gilmore asked cautiously.

"By taking my part against this *Chronicle* rag. I've helped you in the past . . . why don't you help me now?"

The rector looked at him sideways.

"Well, now, Henry, the Church doesn't mix in politics. Besides, don't you think that you are a trifle prejudiced? I admit that sometimes our *Chronicle* friends do go a little over the score, but these are modern times. Their Mr. Smith is a thoroughly well-meaning fellow. I see him at St. Mark's regularly every Sunday. And did you know . . . they've sent me a handsome contribution to the steeple fund?"

"I see," Page said stiffly.

"Naturally we are all *with* you, Henry. But we must be fair. Lately"—he glanced at Page slyly again—"they've printed quite a few of my little inspirational pieces. And with success, yes, with success. . . ."

Henry went on to the office, raging inwardly.

A DISMAL autumn dragged into winter. Page had never worked so hard in his life, coming first to the office and leaving last, straining every nerve to bring out each edition at the highest peak of perfection.

And still the deadly and monotonous struggle went on. For months he had been losing money rapidly, and although he believed the *Chronicle's* losses to be much the greater, his own had in the past five weeks accelerated alarmingly.

Page's first objective with the *Light*, indeed his whole family tradition, had always been that of public service, never the mere accumulation of wealth. He sold the paper at the basic price, used high-grade materials, and was generous with his staff. He himself drew a minimum salary of fifteen hundred pounds and, beyond the house in Henley Drive, which was in his wife's name, he had no private fortune. Apart from goodwill, which he rated high, all the assets of the firm—following a patriotic decision of his father's after World War I—were invested in a War Loan, to the extent of one hundred thousand pounds.

But now, on this morning of March 1, as Henry studied the *Light's* latest balance sheet, it was only too apparent how deeply he had drawn upon this fund. He thought things over a long time, then, with a suppressed sigh picked up the telephone and made an appointment with Frank Holden, manager of the Northern Boroughs Bank.

At eleven o'clock that same morning he was in Holden's office. Henry said: "Frank, I've come to see you about a loan."

"Yes?" Holden said. As a matter of fact, I was hoping you'd drop in for a bit of a chat."

There was a pause, then, as Page did not speak, the manager half smiled.

"You know, Mr. Page, you've been drawing pretty heavily on us lately. I happened to glance through your account on Monday. I suppose you know how much you're overdrawn."

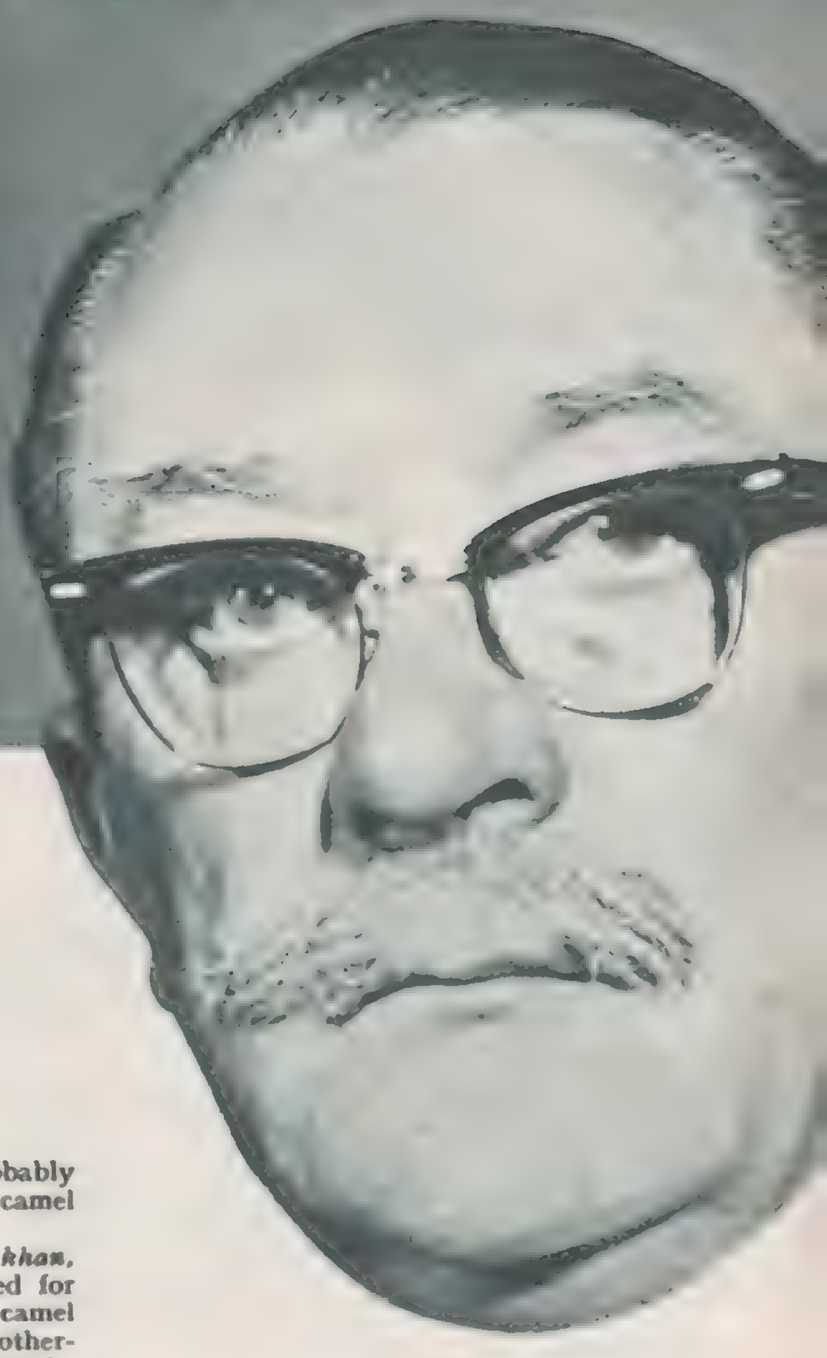
"Of course," Henry nodded. "I have let things run on a bit. But you've got my War Loan as security."

"Yes, the War Loan." Holden appeared to consider. "What was that

continued on page 39

A famous personality joins the John Bull team

GILBERT HARDING



The most outspoken man in Britain begins a frank and compelling new series. This week he looks at Cyprus

ONE day I was being shown round a prison in Cyprus. This was more years ago than I care to remember, when I was a young schoolmaster in that delectable, unhappy island.

Scores of scowling, resentful Greeks squatted, as they squat today, behind barbed wire in the strong sunlight. The Enosis movement (no recent thorn in the paw of the British lion) had "rebelled" and burned down Government House in Nicosia in 1931 and the Governor was still ruling the island by decree.

I remember I did not like the spectacle of this crowd of proud men in their cage.

"Hey, you!" the guard shouted to a boy of about seventeen who was sitting in the shade alone, "Stand up!"

The lad ignored his command and the guard began to stride over towards him.

"Please leave him alone," I pleaded, as the guard towered threateningly over the boy.

The young Greek looked up at me. Whether he understood what I was saying or not I shall never know. He got up and, staring into my face, spat directly at me.

And there you have it, all the confusion and criss-cross emotions most of us have been feeling about the recent events in Cyprus.

Unless we are jackbooted, chinless idiots we cannot fail to be unhappy about much that has been done in the past in our name in Cyprus. I trust we are not unsympathetic to "natives" who want to decide for themselves the fate of their native island.

But then comes the spit in the face—the sudden, futile, so tragic death in a sunny Cyprus street of a comrade, or of a boy you happen to know who lived in your road. Where is it going to end?

My pupils are now hunted

I certainly cannot tell you. The problem seems insoluble. Many Greeks will tolerate British rule provided that there is union with Greece at the end, and the Turks will consider anything so long as union with Greece is finally and definitely excluded.

I have seen both sides. I was a teacher at the Greek Gymnasium in Limassol and, later, at the Turkish Lycée at Nicosia.

Even more than twenty years ago my Greek pupils were very much under the influence of Enosis; no doubt some of my old boys today are being hunted among the baking rocks of their native hills, or lurking in cool caves and alleyways, or cooling their heels in prison camps. (Those who are not are, no doubt, serving white wine far too warm in Soho restaurants.) In my day they wore brown uniforms and an owl on the front of their caps to remind them of Pallas Athene, the Greek goddess of wisdom.

May some god grant them wisdom!

I could give them little. My job was to teach these recalcitrant but basically nice Greek lads English. With great reluctance I also ran a football team.

"Play the game" types

The boys played very badly and did not always keep their tempers. No doubt there are some asses still lingering in the twilight of that empire on which the sun never was supposed to set who will declare that such a marked inability to play the game shows exactly what was wrong, and is wrong, with the Cypriot.

But nothing in Cyprus is quite so simple, quite so black and white, as that.

I remember, one day, a boy was involved in a fight on the football pitch. To my surprise he was hauled off by a watching policeman and that was the last I saw of him for some time. When I made inquiries I was told that he was being held in custody for creating a breach of the peace.

"Utter rubbish!" I said to an official. "I shall get a lawyer to take up the case."

"I wouldn't, if I were you," the official said coolly.

"Why in heaven's name not?" I asked.

"You might find yourself in trouble. You don't want to be branded as a troublemaker, too, do you?"

Well, as you know, I have never had the slightest objection to that. The threat really angered me. Briefing a lawyer, we went to court on behalf of our missing centre-forward. We won the case, contending that a football pitch was not a public place.

When I hear talk of the Greek Cypriots not "playing the game" I burn to point out that for years the "game" there has been a strange and dirty one.

After a year at Limassol I went to work at the Turkish Lycée at Nicosia.

I lived right in the heart of the old city and, for the first and probably the last time in my life, I had a camel as a pet.

Near my quarters was a *khan*, or inn, where camels were parked for the night. A boy told me that his camel was dead, leaving a baby camel motherless. I mothered that camel until he grew too big and too smelly to have about the place.

But to return to my young Turks.

As the Greeks looked to Athens, so my new charges looked to Ankara.

I remember, at the time of King George V's Jubilee, the government ordained, rather stupidly, that all the schoolchildren should sing "God Save The King" in their own language.

This was asking for trouble. Moslems cannot ask God to bless or save an infidel.

However, they were given translations of our National Anthem. The first line went "Cok, cok Kiral."

I soon discovered that my boys were singing, "Cok, cok Kemal." The loyal anthem to good King George became an overwhelming hosannah in praise of Kemal Atatürk, then the Turkish dictator.

So there you are: the seeds of today's irreconcilable demands were already deeply planted in the hearts of the young, about twenty years ago.

They praised Mussolini

The only ray of hope that I see is that, if the people of this tortured island of Cyprus have not changed much since I was there, the British most certainly have.

In the past, in Cyprus, the British Government has made manifold and great mistakes; today we are activated by nothing but goodwill.

What a contrast there is between my old Cambridge friend "Mac" Foot, Sir Hugh Foot, who now carries such responsibility in Cyprus, and the British officials I remember there twenty or more years ago.

Though I delighted in talking with Orthodox Greek monks, holy men in black pot hats with long beards and hair, unbelievably matted and dirty, and was happy to drink with any Cypriot who was amusing (for wine was cheaper than water), I did sometimes make my way of an evening, suitably spruced, to the English club to drink pink gin.

I was soon in trouble there. They were praising Mussolini: he had smartened up Italy no end; why, the trains ran to time and the roads were splendid.

"Naturally, you people would approve of Musso," I said. "After all, you're not much better here, are you?"

And they were not. "Out! Out! Out of the club, sir!" roared a colonel. "We want none of your snivelling, long-haired Cambridge-Communist nonsense here, sir!"

Believe it or not, I had to, and did, apologize to him.

In 1955, on the programme *Who Said That?*, I created a magnificent rumpus by saying, "I lived in the colony of Cyprus where I saw chinless idiots lording it over the natives. Natives of *what?*"

I did not apologize for that. I am not sorry I said it. That was the past; Sir Hugh Foot is anything but chinless.

Yet, when "Mac" Foot left Jamaica he spoke of his hatred of violence, which he called "the servant of tyranny," and said one of the few sensible things I have heard on the situation of the unhappy island of Cyprus. "Violence," he said, "is evil, but a far worse evil is the fear of violence."

It is not widely known that Foot went to a Quaker school near Reading. This tough man hated violence.

"Mac" joined the colonial service almost by accident. "You can keep that lot," he said one day in his father's law office, pointing to the deed boxes and dusty papers, "I want something more adventurous."

And the future Governor went out to seek it in troubled Palestine, ruling in Samaria.

He was the unstuffiest colonial official ever known—even in stuffy Cyprus where he was secretary in 1943.

I am not an optimist about the outcome of affairs in Cyprus. But when I remember how Sir Hugh Foot, and the men associated with him, differ from the stuffed shirts and the bull-necks, the Mussolini admirers and "native" haters of my day, I do at least see a ray of hope.

As a Jamaican civil servant said when he heard that Foot was to leave for Cyprus: "Well, if he can't bring that pot down from a boil to a simmer, nobody in the world can." THE END

Through your baby's eyes

by RUTH GRIFFITHS, M.A., Ph.D.,
Director of the Child Development Research Centre

Toys drawn across his line of vision intrigue a five-month-old baby. He now sits on Mother's knee and enjoys seeing plates moved about on the table; the nearer they come the clearer he sees them

Baby's world is widening. From his rug on the lawn the six-month-old looks beyond his own circle to find new friends

Roaming the carpet he gets an odd slant on life. He looks up to everyone—and sees things others miss

A BABY'S horizons widen at the age of about eight months. Until then, before he has learned how to reach out and grasp toys, it is literally a case of "out of sight, out of mind."

Watch a six-month-old at play. His hands and eyes are working together, but he is still clumsy. And if in trying to grasp a brick or small doll he sends it over the edge of his pram on to the floor he does not look down in search of it.

The exact age at which a baby reaches a new stage of development is of little importance. Children vary tremendously; no two are alike. But at about this time, awareness of a wider world is crowding in on a baby through his eyes.

When a child shows that he is starting to crawl he is usually taken out of cot or pram and allowed to roll and kick on the floor. How does the world appear to him from this new angle? Many familiar things are now farther away from his eyes. When Mother looks down at him she seems enormously tall; the familiar ceiling is far away above him; the windows look strange in their new positions.

It is reassuring if Mother speaks or bends down towards him, and also to have near to him some familiar toy. But not *too* near. A toy can loom too large for comfort.

The baby now experiments, looking at strangely familiar things which, to him in his new position, are almost certainly distorted. We must all have experienced how strange familiar objects can look when seen from an unusual angle, unclearly or in a strange light. In adult life we continually correct these distortions, and it is in childhood that we have built up our knowledge of how things should appear.

From his place on the carpet the baby sees a world unfamiliar to adults: the underside, not the top, of tables; and so many shoes. The prominence of shoes in his field of vision makes it not surprising that he shows such an interest in them.

At a year old the child likes to handle books. But he does not yet understand pictures. To him they are probably little more than patches of colour. They are not yet clearly defined. Then, usually at about fourteen months, comes the interesting stage when the child—sometimes quite suddenly—seems to recognize objects in the pictures. He may become very excited at this discovery. Pictures have become meaningful and he will quite likely develop a craze for books.

The vast world shrinks

Soon, when he starts to toddle, he will go out into the garden. And after indoor rooms it seems to be vast. For a long time it seems a huge place. But if, after he has grown into a man and his eyes are adjusted to a wider world, he returns to the street where he once played he will be amazed by its narrowness; the lawn which once looked a great green expanse he now crosses in a few strides; the mountain he once climbed is no more than a diminutive mound; and the forest he fearfully explored turns out to be just a clump of bushes. THE END

Baby's-eye view from the nine months they see so

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN R. SIMMONS

He's growing up, but at seven months the world has to present itself to him. From his pram he sees many faces peer down; but he still loves his mother's best

carpet. Small wonder that many children take a big interest in shoes; at much of them. And they are as familiar with a table's underside as its top

At eight months he's old enough to look for a fallen toy. But it still seems to be a long way to the ground

Mirrors come to life for the ten-month-old. He wants to play with this new friend and will crawl round the back to find him

Everybody loves a Kosset *carpet!*

To-day, you're just as likely to find Kosset carpets in the bachelor girl's flat as in the stately homes of England. These soft, rich, beautiful carpets have won everybody's heart, and there are now varieties to suit everybody's taste and pocket.

Kosset your rooms with whatever quality you choose — you'll add warmth, quietness and luxury, and you'll be certain of extra hard-wearing carpets which are easy to clean and will never give you any anxiety about moths. The colours are exceptionally beautiful (that's one of the reasons why Kosset carpets are so popular) and now include many new plain colours, marls, mixtures and tweeds, which will delight people who like the contemporary as well as those who like subtle, gentle shades. Prices begin at 34/6d. a square yard, and all qualities are made in ten seamless widths up to fifteen feet.

See, too, the deep, soft Kosset Shaggy Dog rugs, which run the whole gamut of colour from luscious pastels to dramatic brilliance, and make islands of cosiness anywhere for 91/4d.

For our free booklet and the name of your nearest dealer, write to Kosset Carpets, 6-10 Bruton St., London, W.1. Tele. Legation 2477.

They're the life and soul of the party

Beauty contests, barbecues and soapbox derbies . . . all find places on the Young Conservatives' programme. And often there's time for politics, too

by KEITH ELLIS

John Profumo, M.P., and his wife, Valerie Hobson, with entrants in a Young Tory beauty contest at Filey

ONE of the neatest pieces of recruiting ever pulled off by Young Conservatives was at this year's holiday week and conference. For a week seven hundred Y.C.s listened to speeches by Lord Hailsham and other ministers, watched demonstrations by Young Conservatives Thelma Hopkins, the athlete, and Johnny Bamborough, a boxer, and enjoyed all the usual attractions of the holiday camp at which they were staying.

Following the advice of their organizers, the girls entered the camp beauty competition *en masse*. Although there were 2,800 other campers, they won eight out of the nine places in the final. Only the runner-up, Miss Heather Newham, of York, was not a member.

Miss Newham was a challenge to the other girls. Within twelve hours they had persuaded her of the rightness of Conservative principles and the desirability of becoming a Y.C. She filled up a form on the spot and is now a fully paid-up member.

The Young Conservatives have made something of a corner in beauty queens. Last year's Dairy Princess for Derbyshire was a Y.C. and so is Miss Empire Games. When Miss Great Britain, another Y.C., was asked to present the prizes at a Melton Conservative ball, she surprised her audience by giving a five-minute pep talk on her political principles.

Frank Cousins was even more surprised when, during the bus strike, he went up to Manchester to crown a Co-operative queen. Only when he saw television news that night did he discover that she was the secretary of a local Y.C. branch. She had been eligible for the contest because her mother was a co-operator.

A cunning mixture of glamour and politics has made the Young Conservatives the largest voluntary political youth movement in the world. In England and Wales, its two thousand branches have more than 135,000 members, aged between fifteen and thirty. (In Scotland and Northern Ireland, its counterpart, the Young Unionists, has another 9,300 members.)

The branches range in size from a mere handful of members to more than a thousand, and contribute anything up to £500 a year to local party funds. Some of the money comes from the 2s. 6d. a year annual membership subscription. The rest comes mainly from dances and other social activities.

Peter Walker, the national chairman, says: "We're one of the very few organizations in which young people can find entertainment, social life and the spiritual satisfaction of serving a cause."

Although branches are supposed to maintain a fair balance between politics and pleasure, they owe their success mainly to social attractions. John Wells, eastern area organizer, says: "A person who's not a bit interested in politics can become a Y.C."

High marriage rate

Apart from the more usual tennis parties, film shows and theatre outings, branches run pyjama parties, car rallies and soapbox derbies. They also have a marriage rate so high that they have been referred to as a "middle-class marriage bureau."

But it is the Y.C. flair for large-scale events that brings in members—and money. Last year Luton held a barbecue which a thousand people attended. The net profit was £200.

When the Young Conservatives of South Bucks recently held a fancy-dress ball, they took over two ballrooms, a swimming pool and the courtyard of an hotel for a barbecue. As a final touch, they invited Jayne Mansfield, who was staying nearby, and asked her to bring her swim-suit.

Although she declined, the rumour that she was coming packed the ball, and a large crowd who were unable to get tickets jammed the entrance. Ronald Bell, the local M.P., had to climb in by a back entrance.

Somehow the Y.C.s have gathered an aura of worldly success. "People think they'll better themselves by becoming Y.C.s," says John Wells.

Special efforts are made to enrol and publicise young people who have made a name for themselves, especially in sport. Already signed up are Stirling Moss, Dawn Palethorpe, Colin Cowdrey, Angela Buxton and Pat McAteer.

Surprisingly, girls greatly outnumber the men in many branches, and although there are no figures, probably predominate in the movement as a whole. But men get most of the

EARL MOUNTBATTEN OF BURMA

introduces

THE GREATEST RAID OF ALL

C. E. Lucas Phillips's dramatic story of St. Nazaire

OF all the operations with which I was concerned in the late war, the successful raid on the battleship dock at St. Nazaire is perhaps the one I am most proud to have been associated with.

It was one of those actions which can only be attempted precisely because it must appear, to the enemy, to be absolutely impossible to undertake; and for this reason alone it required courage and determination of a quite unusual order to carry out.

What is more, this complicated operation had been planned in greatest detail; and once the forces were committed, each individual small ship and each little group of soldiers had to fight it out, guided by orders received at home, but entirely in the light of their own initiative.

I know of no other case in naval or military annals of such effective damage being inflicted so swiftly with such economy of force. For in less than half an hour from the moment the Campbeltown rammed, all the commandos' chief demolition objectives were successfully achieved.

This brilliant attack was carried out at night, under a vicious enemy fire, by a mere handful of men, who achieved with certainty and precision what the heaviest bombing raid or naval bombardment might well have failed to do.

The great Normandie Dock was put out of action and was made useless to every kind of ship—and, indeed, was to remain unusable for the next ten years or so. The Germans were prevented from being able to use the only dock on the Atlantic seaboard to which their great battleship Tirpitz could go, to repair damage sustained in raiding the Atlantic; in fact, this effectively prevented them from operating her against our convoy routes altogether.

Thus the main object of the raid was brilliantly achieved.

No fewer than five V.C.s were won at St. Nazaire, out of a total force of 611—surely by far the highest proportion of V.C.s ever awarded for a single operation; and this is the measure of the heroism of all who took part in that magnificent enterprise.

Mountbatten of Burma

THE GREATEST RAID OF ALL *Begins Next Week*

offices. Only three of the twelve area organizers are women and of the sixty-one seats on the national committee, men hold forty-eight.

In spite of their social attractions, the Y.C.s are primarily a political organization. Tony Garner, national organizing secretary, says: "We aim to attract young people and teach politics to them. We hope they'll spread the gospel, help the party and supply candidates for Parliamentary and local government elections."

As the movement's literature never tires of pointing out, Anthony Nutting, Sir Edward Boyle and Pat Hornsby-Smith are all former Y.C.s who have reached ministerial rank.

At the last general election there were fifty-nine Y.C. candidates, six of them successful. An average of more than three hundred contest local government seats each year.

But even more important from the party's point of view is the enthusiasm and manpower that they inject into campaigns. Often they outnumber senior party workers and on several occasions have completely taken over wards where the organization was weak. They have been particularly effective in such by-elections as St. Helen's, Ealing South and Weston-super-Mare.

In this year's Northamptonshire County Council elections, Terry Ray, twenty-one year old chairman of the Y.C.s' East Midlands area, was challenging a Labour councillor who three years before had a majority of sixteen. Local opinion seemed favourable to the Labour candidate and everyone expected him to hold his seat with an increased majority.

But they reckoned without the Y.C.s. Squads of workers poured into the area—canvassing, addressing envelopes, distributing literature.

On the eve of the poll, Ray "topped and tailed" a thousand copies of a last-minute appeal and Y.C. helpers delivered them to known supporters. Ray won the seat—by five votes.

Between elections the Y.C.s keep in trim politically with talks, quizzes, speaking competitions, weekend schools and leadership courses. And a smattering of social life ensures a good attendance.

"When Bury St. Edmunds hold an annual general meeting," says Wells, "they get the seniors to give them a few bottles and arrange a sherry party immediately beforehand. Afterwards they put on a dance.

"People come for the sherry party, stay on for the meeting and then go on to the dance. We sugar the pill. That's how the Y.C.s succeed."

The preference that many Y.C.s show for the social events disturbs some of the more thoughtful officers. Newmarket chairman, John Boldero, says: "It's a bit disheartening sometimes. You always get a hard core who are willing to turn out at elections. But some of the others always find they've something else on when there's work to be done."

Others misdirect their energies. A recent member of the Newmarket branch had been a prominent Liberal at the previous election. "We were a bit doubtful about him," says Boldero, "because he took an independent line at discussion meetings."

At the next election he failed to appear for political work and a member reported that his home was plastered with posters inscribed, "Labour Committee Room."

"When I asked him for an explanation," says Boldero, "he just said: 'The Labour people were short so I thought I'd lend them a hand. It's all experience.' I told him we didn't want to see him again."

More dangerous from the party's point of view are those young people who take politics *too* seriously. A group of Exeter Young Conservatives followed the party's injunction to think for themselves so far as to defect to Young Liberals, taking a former chairman with them.

Though the Conservative Party has had a youth movement—formerly known as the Junior Imperial League—since 1906, the Young Conservatives in their present form date from 1945.

Young people normally need something to rebel against and the postwar Labour victory was an excellent stimulus. "The general election of 1945 boosted the Y.C.s tremendously," says Tony Garner. "The next three years saw the rebirth of our youth movement."

From the start Winston Churchill, Anthony Eden and Lord Woolton supported it vigorously. More important, the Y.C.s have always been an integral part of the party's organization. Besides having the voting rights of ordinary party members, Y.C.s are represented on all the party's committees and send almost a third of the 3,800 constituency representatives who attend the Conservative Party's annual conference. And in the last two years, about forty per cent of the speakers at conference have been Y.C.s.

The road to success

Y.C.s claim that this sharing of responsibility is one of the main reasons for their success. "This is the first time in history," says Peter Walker, the national chairman, "that a political party has given a young people's organization full responsibility."

He himself is a model of the successful young Conservative.

At sixteen he left school to take a 25s. a week job in an insurance office. Now, at twenty-seven, he has his own insurance broking business with branches in Germany and New York, and with Edward du Cann, Conservative M.P. for Taunton, he has founded the only postwar unit trust. Already it has sold a million shares.

Meanwhile he finds time to nurse the constituency of Dartford, Kent, which he fought at the last general election and spends nearly every weekend speaking at Y.C. functions. He also sits on the Conservative Party's policy committee which includes Lord Hailsham, R. A. Butler and Henry Brooke.

The Labour Party, which last year had only 275 youth sections, is rightly alarmed by the success of the Y.C.s. Richard Crossman, M.P., said after the last election: "I should not be surprised if statistics showed that more young men and women under thirty voted Tory and worked actively for the Tories than in any election since the first World War."

Crossman might have been less concerned if he had heard about the young man who joined the Oxford branch of the Young Conservatives purely for its social events and got worried when he was asked to canvass at election times.

Although he declined, his keenness on the social side made him so popular that he was asked to stand for chairman. This made him even more worried.

"I knew then that I had to get out," he says. "I realized that if I stayed in any longer, I might prejudice my political future."

He was a convinced Liberal and hoped later to take up politics seriously. THE END

The last home at Kinyarra

by OWEN GRAY

ILLUSTRATED BY EILEEN WALTON

Old Charlie's house was doomed. Crawford must move him quickly . . . and lose the girl he loved

MURRAY CRAWFORD was a large young man with a cheerful, slightly pugnacious face that sometimes landed him in difficulties, and a diffident, rather shy manner that usually got him out again. His hair was short, rather like a schoolboy's, growing any way but the way it was brushed. The slight wrinkle now on his sunburned brow was the nearest he could get to a worried frown. He could not remember a week when he had had so many unsatisfactory interviews with so many nice people.

Murray was the housing superintendent of the Queensland Construction Company, and the weight of that ponderous title bowed his shoulders a little now as he looked down the valley to the little village of Kinyarra. He could still see old Charlie McLeay's white head moving rhythmically as he turned over the earth in his neat garden, just as if nothing could ever break the pattern of the years. Murray sighed a sigh of frustration and despair. He had clearly made no more impression on Charlie than he had on Lynne McLeay, the old man's niece. Now, time had run out.

For the village of Kinyarra was dying -most of it was already dead. It was nothing but a cluster of empty buildings, old bluestone houses built by the early settlers more than a hundred years ago, with here and there a cottage, a relic of a later generation, prematurely aged by neglect and decay.

The iron roofs, dull and red and streaky, merged into the blurred background of abandoned gardens and overgrown paddocks that filled the rich flat valley beside the little river. On each side the hills rose, heavily wooded, steep, opening out into a great basin that stretched for miles back into the heart of the mountains.

JUST below the village, where the sides of the valley formed a rocky canyon, lay the great Kinyarra Dam, squat and immovable, a million tons of concrete to hold back a hundred million tons of water. The dam was nearly finished. Already the sluice gates had been shut and the water was backing up, so that the little stream that used to chatter along its stony bed was broad and still and black and the lower reaches of the valley were flooding.

Three years, perhaps four, it would take before the water reached the top of the great curved wall and cascaded down the other side. Then there would be a new lake on the map of Australia, and in the city the fear of drought would be a memory of days before the dam. And deep under the still surface of the lake would lie the old houses of Kinyarra, forgotten, crumbling, cut off for ever from the sight of men.

Now only Charlie McLeay's house was occupied. It was one of the later ones, perhaps only forty years old, and it stood trim and neat among the desolation. The even rows of vegetables and newly turned earth made a pattern of browns and greens that contrasted with the clean whiteness of the cottage and the cheerful yellow of the doors and

Murray turned, startled to find her standing beside him. "So you threw him out. You must have laughed," she said bitterly

The last home at Kinyarra

continued from previous page

windows. There was an air of unruffled permanence about the place. Murray found it very disturbing.

He had gone through it all again with the old man, about the compulsory purchase order and the alternative accommodation that was available, and how short the time was. Charlie McLeay had been most courteous, as always. He had offered Murray some of the strong dry sherry that came from higher up the valley, and he had talked about digging potatoes. Murray just couldn't pin him down.

It was true that the water wouldn't be up to his house for some time yet, and there was no immediate danger. That wasn't the point. It was messy. Everyone else had gone. The schedule called for complete evacuation of the valley five weeks before. Dave Jansen, the project manager, had coldly pointed that out half a dozen times already. To Dave Jansen, Murray reflected grimly, dams were built from equal proportions of concrete and schedules.

It was early afternoon when the summons came. The works office of the construction company was a group of Nissen huts clustered high on the side of the valley and Murray, lounging deep in thought at his desk, jerked as the telephone rang. It was not altogether unexpected. Even so, he hesitated for a moment outside the door where the sign PROJECT MANAGER, roughly stencilled, square and crude and functional, seemed a fair reflection of the man who sat inside. Murray braced his shoulders and firmly opened the door.

DAVE JANSEN elaborately finished thumbing through the folder in front of him before he looked up. He spoke, at last, abruptly. "Crawford, what's this nonsense about Kinyarra?" As an afterthought he waved towards a chair and Murray sat down uneasily.

"It's all in the report," he answered. "This old boy McLeay—he just won't move out."

"What's the matter with him? Doesn't he like his new quarters?"

"He hasn't even been to see them yet——" Murray began.

Jansen cut him short. "Well, I don't want to hear your problems. You're the housing superintendent—get me some results." He paused to flip a cigarette into his mouth, and picked up a table lighter set in a miniature concrete mixer. "The valley's flooding already—doesn't he know that? The level rose two feet yesterday. Another week and the floodwater from the Barrier Downs will be here."

"I've told him all that——"

"You've told him!" Jansen was on his feet now, stalking up and down. "He's had the compulsory purchase notice—he doesn't even own the house now. Get him out! Get a court order! What are you waiting for—a regiment of soldiers?"

"No—but—well, I didn't want to have to get him evicted. I'll get him to move soon, I think." Murray hesitated, aware that he had an unsympathetic audience for this kind of talk. "The old chap has lived there all his life."

Dave Jansen brought his fist down on the desk with a bang that jumped the table lighter an inch in the air. "Use tact, or use the police. It's all one to me. Just get him out. He should have been thrown out a month ago." As Murray reached the door, Jansen fired one parting salvo. "Dams are built with concrete, not sentiment, Crawford," he said.

Murray closed the door behind him and wandered thoughtfully away. It was all true, of course. Charlie McLeay should have moved out of Kinyarra long ago. And yet, you couldn't just go around serving court orders on an old man like that. Especially—the thought kept intruding where it wasn't wanted—especially if you had any secret ambitions about getting to know his niece better.

The thought of Lynne McLeay had not been far from Murray ever since he had first met her. *But she has nothing to do with this,* he told himself now. *Nothing at all.* But what would Dave Jansen say if he knew about Miss McLeay? Or perhaps he did know all the time? Perhaps he thought that Lynne McLeay was the reason why Murray had neglected his duty to get tough with old Charlie?

Murray had first called on McLeay's niece a week earlier, in the hope of gaining an ally in the battle to get Charlie to move. She was a schoolteacher up at New Kinyarra, and Murray had had a strained interview with her in the passage outside her classroom. It had been strained because noisy children were running to and fro all the time, and also because Murray's good intentions had been completely wrecked by a pair of steady grey eyes and a tip-tilted nose.

Instead of breathing firmness and authority, Murray had floundered. Miss McLeay—he hadn't known her first name then—had charmingly conveyed the impression that the interests of the Queensland Construction Company left her cold. She agreed to have a word with her uncle when she saw him, but doubted if it would do any good. And when Murray recovered himself enough to offer to drive her down to see her uncle, she declined and said she had transport. Altogether, that was the most unsatisfactory interview of the lot.

Preoccupied with his problem, Murray wandered out to where the road twisted like a white serpent down the steep side of the valley.

Deep in thought, he turned his back on the dam and his long, slow strides took him steadily up the hill. He only vaguely saw the road unwinding before him, and he was quite surprised when he found he was getting near "New."

NEW KINYARRA stood high up above the dam, a model township that was everything that old Kinyarra was not. It had been laid out with all the advantages that scientific planning could devise. The roads were good, the drains were good, the shops and the school were immaculate. Houses had been supplied free to all those who had lived in the valley and whose homes were soon to be submerged. There was a choice of five styles of house. There was a pub built in vivid modern style, and a church that looked like the pub. "New" had everything.

Outside the school, he stopped. With half his mind he was thinking that it was a strange coincidence finding himself there, and with the other half he knew that he had been heading there all the time. Obviously another discussion with Lynne was the next step. A cool, level-headed discussion this time.

Murray waited. School was just over, and the stampede was on. After the children came some of the teachers, but Lynne was not there. Murray accosted one of them.

"Excuse me. I'm looking for Miss McLeay. Has she left yet?"

"I think she's gone. Yes, there she is—you've just missed her."

Murray turned. The gate of the playground was open and a little red motor scooter had emerged. He had a vision of a slight figure in a zipped leather jacket, the neat white crash helmet bobbing up and down as the scooter bounced over the edge of the pavement.

It was a warm afternoon and Murray, trudging along with his coat slung over his shoulder, regretted that he had not brought his car. Lynne, he had found out, lived in a small house at the other end of "New." The sun was in his eyes, there was no breeze, and he was aware that every step was another step added to the walk back. When he arrived, his shirt was crumpled and sticking to him, and he looked like a farm labourer. He pressed the bell.

Lynne opened the door. Freed of the white crash helmet, her chestnut hair tumbled in short curls that glinted with coppery lights. But once again it was her eyes that rocked Murray's carefully cultivated detachment. They were big and calm and grey, very grave, and yet deep down they seemed to be twinkling.

"Well, you'd better come in," she said when the silence had lasted too long.

Her sitting-room was small, very colourful and feminine, and Murray felt like a frog in a goldfish bowl as he perched on the edge of one of the two small armchairs.

"I'm the housing superintendent," he began awkwardly. "But you knew that, of course. I—I dropped by to see if you'd had a word with your uncle yet."

She turned to the window. "Yes, I had a talk with him," she said quietly. Suddenly she was facing Murray again. "Do you have to chase him out like this?" she appealed. "Oh, I know he must leave in the end, but can't he go in his own time? After all, he's in no danger. His house is one of the highest."

Murray shook his head. "Can't do it," he said. "The water's undermining the old road already. Any day now it may collapse, then the company will have to reach him, which will take a lot of time and money."

"So it's the money." Her eyes flashed dangerously, and Murray wished he had put that remark a little differently. Then she sighed. "Oh, I know you're right," she said wearily. "But—is it absolutely necessary to rush him? Couldn't he wait a little bit longer?"

"What difference——?"

"I don't know. Perhaps when the water gets near his house and half the village is gone, it will be easier for him." She was pacing up and down the little room. "That house—it's his life. He built it, every inch of it. He built it for his bride when he came back from the first war, and when she died ten years ago it was all he had left."

She stopped pacing about, and her voice was low and steady, but tears were not far away. "D'you know what he told me last week? He told me that his wife had her hair cut short while he was laying the foundations, and he took the hair and mixed it into the concrete." She looked at him stonily. "Does that make you laugh?"

"No, Miss McLeay, it doesn't." With an effort Murray remembered that he had a job to do. "And it probably doesn't help to say that none of the older people were happy about being moved. But the dam is too important to let a few people stand in its way."

"Ah, yes, the dam." She said it bitterly, and started pacing again. "It's by Act of Parliament, I know that. I wonder you haven't called the police."

Murray got to his feet deliberately. What he wanted to say was that he wasn't personally responsible, that he was just trying to get the thing settled and her attitude wasn't helping. Instead, he said rather stiffly: "Well, thank you, Miss McLeay. I'm sorry you weren't able to help us."

She stood and watched him, and he reached the door in silence. Then she spoke, and the bitterness had gone out of her voice.

"I apologize, Mr. Crawford. It isn't your fault, I know that." Murray turned at the doorway, and some of the tension had gone. "It's just that—well; since my father died, I've grown very fond of Uncle Charlie. I hate to think of him being uprooted like this." She smiled, just a little. "You've got a horrible job. I don't envy you. Oh, I'll go and have another talk to him. But it won't do any good."

Murray walked home very slowly. His mind was dominated by the picture of two large, solemn grey eyes and the echo of *I don't envy you.* And in the background hung the words of the project manager, *Get me some results.*

THE next morning was a Saturday, but that meant nothing. The company was working the clock now, seven days a week, trying to finish on schedule, and Dave Jansen was in his office presiding over a staff conference by eight thirty.

At eight forty-five, Murray's phone shrilled its summons.

"Well? Got him out yet?" Jansen wasted no time in greeting.

Murray bridled. "Not yet," he said. "It's barely twelve hours since——"

"Well, never mind that. Mr. Coombs says the water is up five feet, and undermining the road." Coombs was one of the senior engineers—senior enough to rate a "Mr." "We're going down to take a look. You too."

"Me? What can I do?"

"Nothing, it seems," Jansen answered unpleasantly. "I just might have something more to say to you when I've seen how the road is."

The trip down the hill into Kinyarra dragged as never before. Nobody said anything. At the conference, Murray's failure to dislodge McLeay had been fully aired. He was a condemned man, and the executioners were embarrassed by his presence.

And execution wasn't too strong a word, if the road gave way. True, nobody had expected the floodwater to come down so fast. And the plain fact was that McLeay should have been out by this time like everybody else. Until all the inhabitants and their belongings were clear of Kinyarra, whether voluntarily or by due process of law, the Queensland Construction Company had to keep the road open. The Act said so, and the Act made no exceptions for

continued on page 38

ACHILLES HEEL

Man conquers space and plumbs the oceans' depths,
Laughs at distance, makes mockery of Time.
He bends the atom to a thousand tasks
And steals all Nature's secrets one by one.
He tracks down animals to secret lairs,
Films scenes which no unaided eye could catch.
He fashions dams of solid snow-white rock
Which serve to change the waters of the earth.
He sweeps away the thickest jungle trees,
Makes fertile plains where naught but sand had ruled.
He throws up Towers of Babel to the skies
Which fill the nightly air with warring sounds.
He builds vast factories which, in a trice,
May reap a rich harvest of worldly goods.
Creates robots of frightening size and power
To perform tasks of superhuman strength.
Yet spite of all these godlike powers and skill,
He can't get me a new-laid egg for breakfast.

JAMES BATCHELOR

LIGHT IS CHEAPER THAN SIGHT

The evenings are darker, but they don't have to be gloomy. This is the moment to take a critical look at your lighting arrangements says ROGER SMITHELLS

GLARE and gloom are the twin enemies of good lighting. Many homes suffer from both. Our eyes are obliging servants and do not complain unless grossly overworked. But bad lighting causes eyestrain, whether you know it or not. The end of summer time has plunged us suddenly into the long, dark evenings. Before settling down to a gloomy winter take a critical look round your home and see whether better lighting could make it more cheerful for everyone.

Deliberate dazzle

I know a theatre where lights are used to prevent people from seeing. Instead of lowering the curtain during quick scene changes, the electricians switch on a row of naked footlights which faces into the auditorium. You can hear the scene-shifters padding about but you cannot see what they are up to because of the dazzle of those intervening footlights.

Waiting my turn to be served in our local electrical shop, I was reminded of this theatre trick. The housewife in front of me asked for a 60-watt lamp. "Clear or pearl?" said the salesman. "What is the difference?" asked the housewife. "Well," said the salesman gravely, "you get *more light* with a clear lamp."

Blinded by science (as she would discover when she got home) the housewife bought the clear glass lamp. What the salesman told her was technically correct. You do get a tiny fraction more light from a clear lamp. But because the filament is exposed you also get glare. And glare can prevent you from seeing clearly in your home, just as it prevented the audience in the theatre from seeing the stage.

Pearl or silica-coated lamps mask the filament, diffuse the light, cast soft shadows. Buy the coiled-coil type. They cost a little more than single-coil lamps but give twenty per cent more light for the same amount of electricity. With one exception, clear glass lamps should be banned from every home. The exception is in crystal chandeliers which need a concentrated light source to give glitter and sparkle to glass beads and pendants.

Even a good light fitting can produce glare if you use it in the wrong way. The reading lamp which directs a pool of brilliant light on to your book or sewing can create glare if the rest of the room is unlighted. It is the contrast between the bright pool and the surrounding darkness which causes the trouble, like car headlights, which blind you on a dark night but would not make you bat an eyelid on a sunny day. Background lighting is just as important as local lighting.

The best position

Even with background lighting a wrongly placed reading lamp can still cause glare. If you are reading a glossy book or magazine with a badly placed light there may be dazzling reflections in the shiny paper. A foot or two above your work and slightly to the left is generally the best position for a local light, but an adjustable lamp can help you to adapt the light to the job.

* * *

Are you a shade-tilter? I know several and can never resist having brisk arguments with them about this curious habit. The confirmed shade-tilter is convinced that she can see better if she adjusts the angle of a lampshade so that it floodlights her as well as her work. The truth is quite the reverse. By allowing the light to shine straight into her face, the shade-tilter dazzles herself and makes it more difficult to see what she is doing. But shade-tilting is generally the result of light-starvation. The cure is probably a larger lamp.

How much light do you need? It is almost impossible to have too much if it is glare-free and well balanced. Try using larger lamps. My guess is that you will never want to go back to the sizes you are using now.

Everybody needs a light

There is no fixed standard for lighting, but here is a rough-and-ready guide. Hold a book two feet below a 100-watt lamp in a white-lined shade and you have a good light for reading or sewing. At sixty you may need twice the light you needed at sixteen. Extra light harms no one. Even the householder who pays the bills suffers very little. Light is a cheap luxury. Leave a 60-watt lamp burning all night and the cost will be less than that of one cigarette.

* * *

Next time you buy a fitting watch these points:

A good fitting should spread or direct the light, not hide it.

For the dining-room choose a ceiling light which can be raised and lowered. The dining-room table is often used for close work.

Judge a fitting by its light, not by its looks. Do not buy it until you have seen it illuminated.

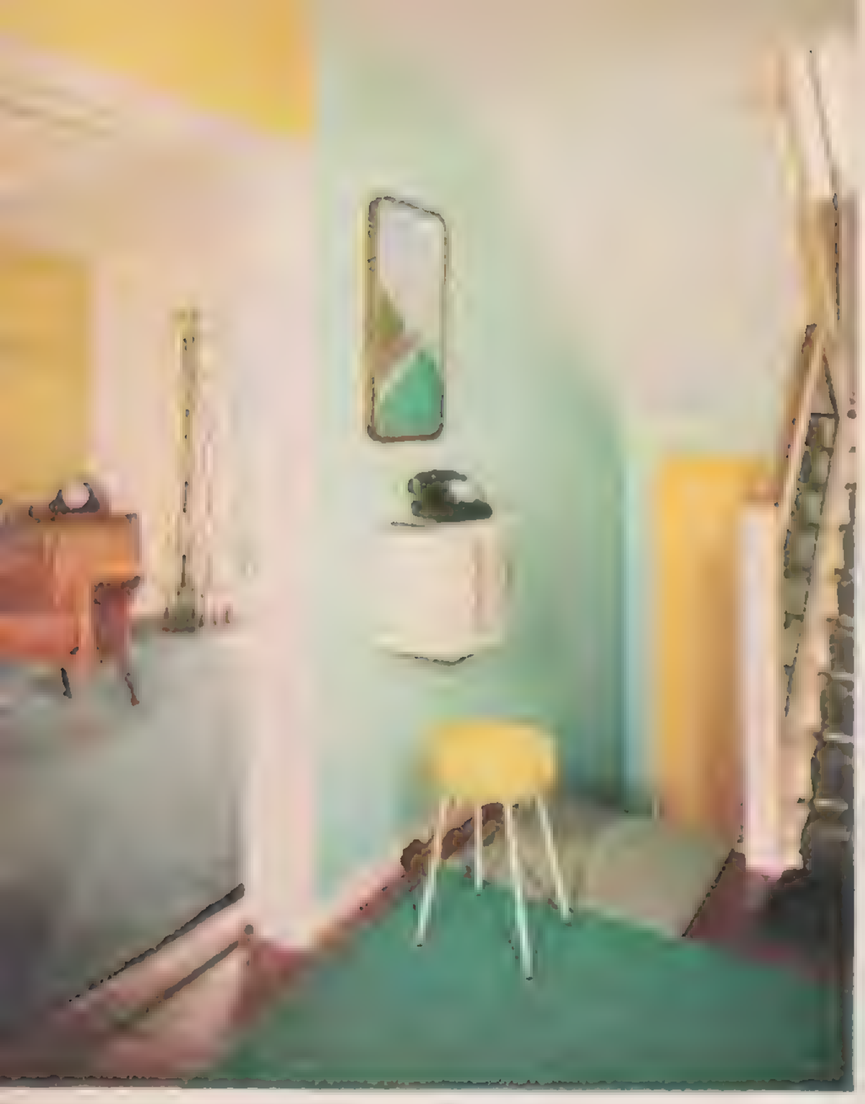
Remember that you will need extra light in a room decorated in rich, dark colours.

For kitchen, workshop or any room where you want an even, all-over working light consider fluorescent lamps. They are comparatively expensive to install but very cheap to run.

For your hall choose a fitting which will throw some light on the staircase. Ill-lit stairs are a common cause of home accidents.

Roger Smithells will help you with your problems

Write to him at John Bull, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope for a reply.



Pale blue and tangerine make this hall a cheerful place. An illusion of space is created by carrying the tangerine on into the living-room through the door. Full use of actual space is made with the directory shelf and telephone table. The stool tucks under the shelf out of the way when no one is talking

When you say

COME RIGH

does yo

YOUR hall is the first room a visitor sees. Don't let yours be just a gloomy ante-room to be hurried through on the way to somewhere else. A gaily decorated hall introduces your home brightly: gives guests a cheerful welcome.

Colour can improve the shape of your hall—often a problem room which has been sacrificed for the sake of other rooms in the house. By using some well-tried decorators' tricks, you can make it appear longer, wider, higher, lower, almost anything that it isn't already.

Good lighting in the hall can make it more welcoming and reduce danger on poky stairways. Spotlights emphasize its good points. A big mirror will make it seem spacious, a huge bunch of flowers or branches make it gracious.

Two wall-lamps help to light this hall: and provide light for last-minute adjustments to hair or hats. The mirror makes more of both space and light. Why not start the Continental custom of providing a brush and comb for arriving guests? You can make yourself a pair of lamps like this from the instructions on page four of supplement

More lights

in the hall

mean fewer

tumbles down

the stairs

There's plenty of light on these stairs. An adjustable two-armed wall-lamp directs the light where you want it. A highly patterned wallpaper on one side of the narrow long hall with plain colour on the other takes away from its tunnel-like effect by concentrating your attention on the one wall only. A bright-coloured paper on the stairs helps to carry the eye to the end

Lively harlequin treatmen

of small areas

is a good cheap way

to brighten up the hall

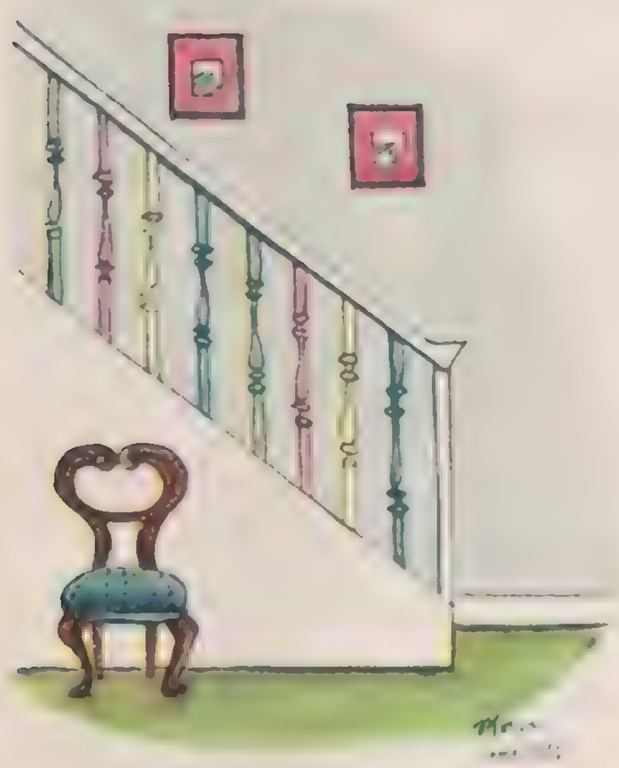
Too many doors? You can make a feature of this disadvantage by painting them in different colours. A good idea for landings too—the occupant of each bedroom can choose a colour to match the scheme inside. The central light-fitting which looks like a glowing onion, spreads light into all the corners of this bright hall

A big bowl of flowers in front of an ornate looking-glass makes a pretty focal point to carry your eye through this long narrow hall. An adjustable spotlight above is reflected in the glass and floods the hall and flowers with diffused light

IT IN

ur hall say welcome?

A simple colour scheme of grey and white patterned paper with a crimson carpet gives the hall of this converted Georgian cottage great elegance. If your banister rails are damaged or ugly, you could take them right out and make a continuous rope zig-zag like this one, instead. The lovely flowers at the foot of the stair are in a pot which is fixed to the tread so that it cannot be knocked over. You could copy this idea by screwing a home-made basket-work container with a wooden base to the stair, and putting vases or pots inside. Light for the stair well in this hall comes from above and is controlled by switches at both top and bottom. Two-way switching of this kind is necessary for safe stairway lighting

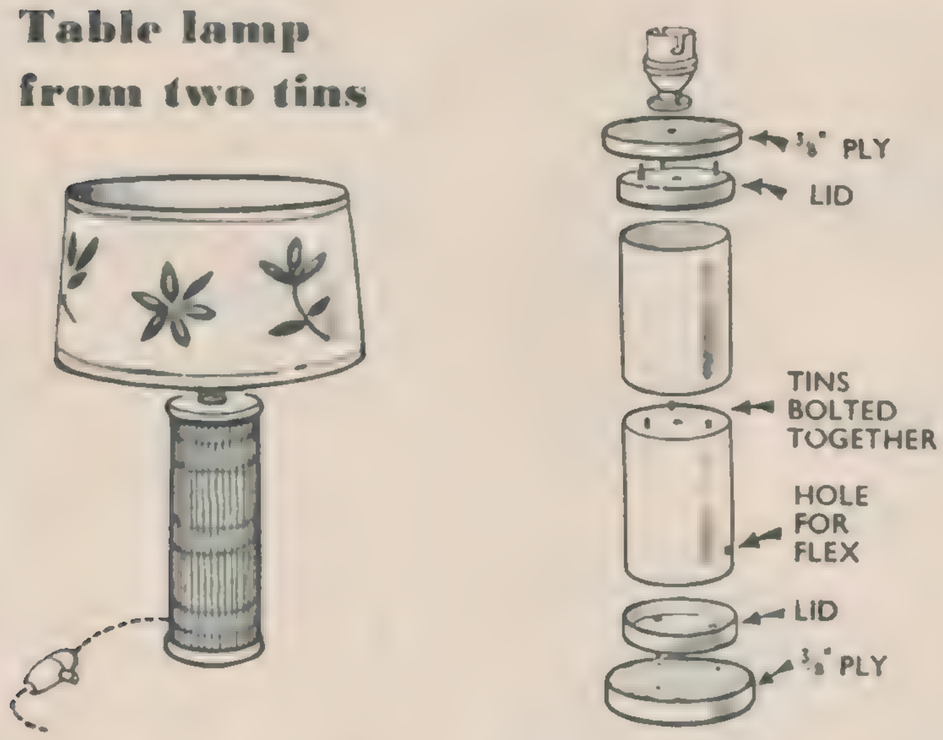


An old-fashioned staircase comes right up to date with the banister rails painted different bright colours. Choose the colours to tone or contrast with the hall carpet and the decoration of the walls and ceiling

If you are lucky enough to have a stone staircase which needs no covering, paint the risers different colours for an eye-catching effect. You could treat a wooden stair the same way with treads of plain-coloured carpet or linoleum, and make a cheap and pretty covering

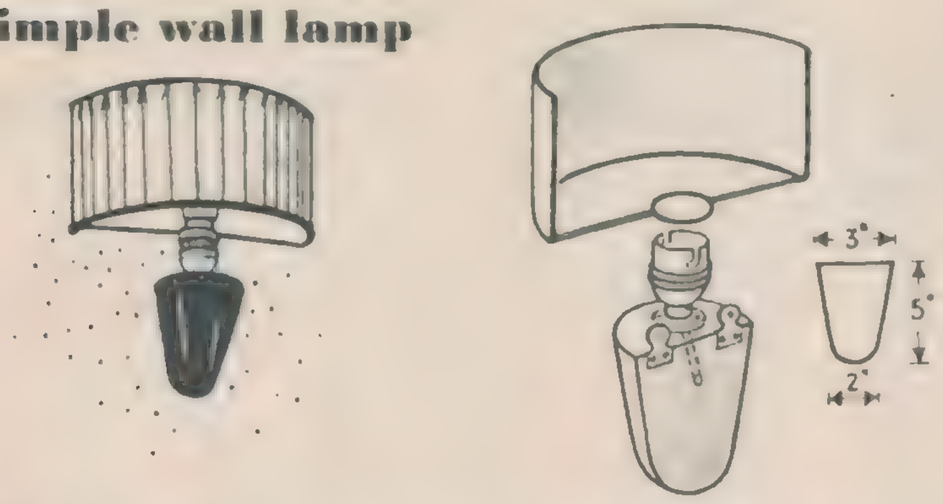
TWO LAMPS TO MAKE

Table lamp from two tins



The basis of this lamp is two tins, about 4 in. or 5 in. diameter, and about 6 in. high. Drill three holes in the bottom of each and bolt them together. Drill a centre hole for the flex. Cut two circular discs of ¼-in. ply, and screw the lids of the tins, centrally, one on each. Use one for the base, and stand the tins in it. Drill a hole in the centre of the second lid and ply disc, and place it on top. Drill a hole near the base in the side of the lower tin and thread the flex through the tin and out of the hole in the top. Slip a small section of rubber tube over the flex to form a cushion between the flex and the sharp edge of the tin. Connect to a lampholder with a small brass baseplate and screw the baseplate to the top of the lamp base. Cover the tins with wallpaper, or a split bamboo mat, using contact adhesive. Fix a standard type wire shade carrier to the lampholder and attach shade.

Simple wall lamp



For the wall lamp you will need a block of hardwood 3 in. by 4 in. by 5 in. Cut the block with a shaper or smoothing tool, to the shape shown in the diagram. Drill a ¼-in. hole in the top, 1 in. from the front, at an angle, through to the back. Screw two mirror plates on to the back of the block, recessing them flush with the surface. Thread the flex through the block and connect to a lampholder with a small brass baseplate, and screw the baseplate to the block. Paint the lamp, or if it has a decorative grain, polish or varnish it. Screw the lamp to the wall with wall plugs and attach the shade.

LAMPSHADE HINTS

Make shades generous: better too big than too small.

Bind frames with tape before covering. This makes a base for stitching fabrics.

Choose a smooth-grained silk or cotton. Slub materials should be lined or they will look spotty when the light shines through them.

Line very dark fabrics or opaque paper with white to reflect the light downwards.

Make pleated drum shades with ready-pleated cotton material.

Fabric shades should be bound top and bottom with braid or binding, paper ones with passe-partout.

Make paper shades out of wallpaper, cartridge paper or Con-Tact self-stick plastic, or coloured foil mounted on thick paper.

Decorate a white cartridge shade with a spray of pressed flowers and seal it with transparent Fablon plastic film.

Make simple shades with plastic ribbon, millinery straw or raffia wound over and over the frame, or a long strip of material gathered top and bottom with elastic. You will need a strip of material the same depth as the shade and twice the circumference in length.

Don't use a printed fabric for your shade if you have a patterned wallpaper or curtaining. Pick out one of the colours of the print or use white with a darker colour for the trimming.

Handle all materials with care, and do not be discouraged by a failure at your first attempt. Make a small trial shade first, using an inexpensive material.

WORTH NOTING

● Making a cushion or a spare mattress? You can now have all the advantage of a latex foam filling without the usual prohibitive cost. "Fillofoam," a by-product of the Liverpool Latex Cushion Co., is granular latex foam clippings which are sold in bags costing only 3s. 11d. and 4s. 11d. each. A 4s. 11d. bag contains enough to fill a pillow. "Fillofoam" never goes lumpy, and you can wash a cushion containing it, without unpicking the cover. From upholsterers or direct from the manufacturers at Yardley Road, Kirkby Industrial Estate, near Liverpool, Lancs.

● Protect carpets and linoleum from too-sharp metal legs, or denting castors, by fitting furniture with "Quads." These flat-bottomed plastic feet spread the weight of the piece of furniture over a larger area, and *cannot* mark the floor. There are three kinds of fitting, for legs which already have sockets, for legs which haven't and for tubular metal legs. Quads are made by the Armstrong Cork Company, in four sizes, 1 in. 1½ in., 2 in., 2½ in., and three colours, buff, brown or black. They are sold in sets of four, prices from 7s. 10d. to 10s. 2d., from ironmongers.

● To prevent small screwdrivers, bradawls, etc., rolling off the bench and getting lost, plane a flat surface on the handles. The flat portion need not be wide to be effective.

● Before laying new linoleum store it in the room where it is to be laid for at least twenty-four hours. This will give the lino a chance to become accustomed to the temperature of the room. If you do not do this the lino may bulge after it is laid.

● Use Polyclens brush cleaner to get greasy marks and ball-point pen ink out of carpets and cloths. Apply it, then rub off with a damp cloth. Polyclens costs 3s. 6d. a bottle from ironmongers and paint stores.

● Glass-boring tip: To keep the point of your drill well lubricated while boring holes in glass, build a small plasticine crater round where you want the hole. Fill this crater with turpentine. This will last until you have finished drilling.

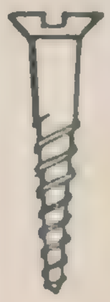
KEEP THIS

Here is another guide for handymen devised by Roger Smithells to help you pick the right tools and materials for jobs around the house.

Handyman Guide 4

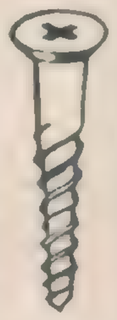
CHOOSE YOUR SCREW

These are the seven main types of wood screw. The smaller sizes do not need pilot holes when used in soft woods, but for the larger sizes, and for all sizes in hardwoods, pilot holes must be drilled.



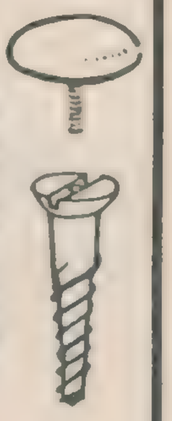
COUNTERSUNK HEAD SCREW. The standard screw for most jobs. After drilling a hole for the screw, use a countersinking bit to make a seating to receive the screw head. When the head is sunk below the surface of the wood, it can be concealed with plastic wood or filler.

PHILLIPS RECESS SCREW. A general purpose screw. Its cross-shaped slot takes a special cross-section screwdriver which cannot slide out of the slot. Gives control when operating at an angle or in awkward positions. Available with countersunk, round, and raised heads.



ROUND HEAD SCREW. For use where the head of the screw will remain above the surface. Particularly useful for screwing all types of flat metal plates to wood.

MIRROR SCREW. A normal flat head screw with a domed metal cap which can be screwed by hand into the screw head after fixing, giving a neat smooth finish. Chiefly useful for fixing wall mirrors and splashbacks, etc. Also supplied with decorative glass or metal studs instead of the polished dome.



RAISED HEAD SCREW. A screw primarily for use with door furniture, and other visible metal fittings. It has a slightly countersunk head, and a domed top, and gives a neat finish where a screw is used for surface fixing.

DOWEL · SCREW. This screw is used for joining two pieces of wood, where it is not possible to drill and insert a screw in one of the faces of either piece. Two boards can be joined end-to-end or side-to-side in this manner.

CHIPBOARD SCREW. A double thread screw, which gives extra grip, for use with chipboards. For best results, drill pilot holes equal to the length of screw used. Available in steel, with countersunk, and Phillips countersunk heads, and in sizes up to screw gauge 8.

METALS AND FINISHES

Most screws are made in a variety of finishes and metals. Use *Steel Screws*, the commonest and cheapest, for construction jobs where they will not show, or where appearances don't matter. Steel screws are liable to rust. *Rustproof finishes*, suitable for outdoor jobs, kitchens and bathrooms are: Brass, Stainless, Galvanized and Sherardized steel, and Aluminium Alloy screws, useful for fixing sheets of Aluminium, and Aluminium mouldings. *Decorative finishes* are: Chrome and Nickel plated, Japanned (black), and Blued Steel.

MARRIED TO A TRAITOR · 3 by Gordon Young

Suzanne, betrayed by her husband, had for months risked her life for France. Now she faced torture —for a crime she hadn't committed

ILLUSTRATION BY FAWCETT

'We are arresting you . . . for helping a British officer'

THE winter of 1942 was bitterly cold, and because of wartime shortages there was no heating whatever in the cheap Marseilles hotel. Suzanne's little room was soon festooned with damp, cold nappies which refused to dry.

The conditions in which Suzanne and her new-born baby, Patrick, were living were desperately hard. Only a few weeks earlier Suzanne had seen her husband condemned to death in a French court "for delivering Frenchmen into the hands of the Germans." He was Paul Cole, who had falsely claimed to be a British officer of the Secret Service working with the Resistance, and whom Suzanne had married in Paris during the occupation. At first unsuspected, Cole had betrayed to the Germans many of Suzanne's friends in the Resistance.

Suzanne, who at the time was pregnant, was freed by the French court that tried her husband. "This young girl," said a prosecuting officer, "should not be punished for her misplaced patriotism in helping Allied soldiers to escape."

Now her baby Patrick—the son of her traitor husband—was born. Suzanne nursed him night and day, and only left him in the hotel to hurry out and do a little shopping.

In the last week of January, Patrick fell ill again. Suzanne settled him to sleep on the night of January 23 in the little cold hotel room, wrapped up warmly and his face half-covered with a blanket in the hope of lessening the noise if he should suddenly cry.

During that night she heard Patrick whimpering softly once or twice, but he never made any serious noise and in the early morning he fell completely silent. It was only when she went over to give him his bottle later that morning that she discovered that Patrick was dead.

Suzanne Warren was now only just over twenty-one years old. With the courage of youth, she determined that she would not give in.

So, stoically, she watched, one cold January morning, as Patrick was put into his grave. She had the spot marked with a wooden cross because at that moment she had not enough money to provide him with a gravestone.

In Lyons she had two loyal friends, Roger Berthier and his wife Fernande, both of them active Resistance workers. Suzanne had met Roger in the prison at Lyons, where he had been arrested as one of the members of Bob Sheppard's reception committee. Fernande was a member of an information network. So Suzanne proposed, and Fernande gladly agreed, that she should move in and stay for a while with her in her small apartment in the Villeurbanne suburb of Lyons.

Simultaneously, because she was needing every personal contact and every friend she could find, she wrote to Bob Sheppard—a British officer she had met in Lyons prison—telling him all that had happened. Because of a mild attack of diphtheria, Sheppard had been transferred from the Fort Montluc prison to the Hôpital de la Croix Rousse.

Suzanne had corresponded fairly regularly with Sheppard at this time, and had sent him a few food parcels in hospital. Sheppard, lonely too, kept her letters and her photograph by his bedside—and all unwittingly contributed thereby to Suzanne's new ordeal.

Visitors for Suzanne

One morning, glancing out of the window of Fernande's apartment, she saw approaching the house two men whom she recognized at once as being plain-clothes policemen. In the flat were some letters from Robert Sheppard and a list of all the B.B.C. news broadcasts and false identity cards. Suzanne quickly threw these in the stove before she opened the door to the two men.

"We are arresting you," said one of the policemen, "for helping a British officer to escape."

"What on earth do you mean? What British officer?"

"Captain Robert Sheppard, who escaped from the Hôpital de la Croix Rousse two nights ago."

Suzanne almost laughed in their faces. For months, back in 1941, she had helped British soldiers to escape, and had never been caught. Now, it seemed, she was to be arrested for something she had not done.

Her first morning of interrogation went easily enough. But that afternoon she was handed over to another set of Pétainists and Germans working together, and from that moment her situation grew serious. At first the Germans were soft and civil in their interrogation of Suzanne, who was probably their big hope of tracking down the men, still at liberty, who were behind the Marseilles escape route. But she told them nothing. "I don't know a thing," she assured them.

Suzanne's battle of wits with the Germans went on for nearly two weeks. Then she was handed over to another team of questioners and its head, this time, was not a German but a hard-eyed French official who was working with apparent enthusiasm for them.

"Now, mademoiselle," said the Frenchman, "we want to know the names of all your friends."

"I don't have any friends."

Calmly the Frenchman rose from his desk, walked over and slapped Suzanne in the face twice, as hard as he could. Then he returned to his seat.

"Now, who are your friends?"

"I told you—I don't have any."

The room was in half darkness, with only a strong light playing on Suzanne's face. So she did not see what other men

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(F.10)

Married to a traitor

continued from previous page

were present during her interrogation. But this time somebody came from behind her chair, and slapped her face again with all his force.

Suzanne received about three days and nights of this treatment: the pitch-dark cell at night and the slapping by day. Then quite suddenly it stopped. She never knew why. She was sent back to St. Joseph Prison and then to Castres, the prison used by the Vichy Government as a hostage prison.

The solid white building with the barred and boarded-up windows does not look like a jail from which it would be easy for the prisoners to stage a mass break-out.

The heavy green door which is the prison's only entrance was double-locked and studded with nails. Yet on a night in September, 1943, all the prisoners — among them Suzanne Warren—were to walk out of their cells and into the street, and find freedom in a score of different ways.

Suzanne was put in a cell with a prisoner named Blanche, a cultured woman older than Suzanne, who had been born in England, of Belgian parents. She had been landed, in the autumn of 1942, on the south coast of France as a courier for a British radio operator, and captured near Lyons.

Suzanne was glad to find somebody so sympathetic to talk to, and the two women settled down to a sojourn in Castres prison which was to last all through that spring and summer.

It was while fetching water one morning that Suzanne encountered Boris the Yugoslav, who had fought with the International Brigade in Spain, then got caught up with the Communist section of the French Resistance and had been arrested.

As the summer advanced, conditions in the prison grew easier. The women's cells, formerly locked for the night at six, were now left open until nine.

On a stuffy night of September 16, 1943, Suzanne and Blanche were sitting in their cell, clad only in their underwear because of the heat, idly playing cards, when there came a sudden knock on their unlocked door. Surprised, for it was not the habit of the warders to knock on prisoners' doors, Suzanne called out "Come in," and in walked Boris the Yugoslav, grinning broadly. "Come on, girls, we're escaping." He told them to get dressed as quickly as they could.

The escape had been well planned in the men's section of the prison. Urgency had been given to this action because of a report that in Toulouse already all the political prisoners had been shot as hostages, and that Castres was next on the Gestapo list.

Some of the prisoners had managed to smuggle in and hide arms, with the connivance of one of the guards who was secretly a Resistance worker.

Escape in the night

The action began around six o'clock in the evening, when half the prison guards had gone out for dinner and only a handful of men were left behind. Stealthily opening the iron grille, which gave access to the guard-room, an "advance party" of prisoners suddenly attacked the guards, overpowered them and locked them in the nearest cell. Then they unlocked the cells.

Some fifty men, as well as Suzanne and Blanche, escaped that night.

The two women were pushed through the great green door after about twenty others had left, and with them went a young Alsatian boy who had been put by force into the German Army, had escaped, joined the Resistance and been caught. Their plan was to walk all night and if possible to reach Toulouse before dawn, where members of Resistance groups would help them.

It was a nerve-racking walk. The two women in their prison clothes were so dishevelled that they feared that even their appearance would arouse the suspicions of anybody they met.

There was also the anxious certainty that, as soon as the break-out from the prison was discovered, all the roads around Castres would be sealed by a police cordon.

Once, in the gathering darkness, Suzanne saw three men. But they turned out to be fellow-prisoners also seeking their way to Toulouse, and the two parties joined forces and went on their way together.

Outside Dourgne the landscape rises into the heights of the Black Mountains, towering above the valley of Carcassonne. Up there, the party guessed, there would be living men of the Maquis who would certainly give them shelter. After some anxious debate it was decided that the men would set off and try to join the Maquis. Suzanne and Blanche would continue to seek shelter elsewhere.

Next morning, cold and hungry, the two girls made for a little farm. They told the farmer's wife that they were two girl campers who had lost their way and that all their identity papers were in a tent somewhere in the countryside. But next day the farmer himself grew uneasy and bluntly asked them to move on, mentioning however, that there was a big Benedictine monastery not far from Dourgne.

They did not dare to move around too much during the daytime. As soon as it was night, they set out to try and find the monastery, and at about five o'clock in the morning they saw the great dark outline of the Abbey of En-Calcat, a little way up the hill from the village looming before them in the moonlight.

The door was opened by a tall, slim young man, in black Benedictine robes who, seeming to take in their situation at a glance, invited the two women, "Come inside," and quickly closed the door. They told him everything.

Help from the monks

From that moment, for just over three months, the lives of Suzanne and Blanche, who had suffered so much, became transformed by a period of rest, peace and Christian charity.

The monks were in touch with a French Resistance organization, one of whose leaders was Colonel du Noyer de Segonzac, who at that time was hidden in the region of Toulouse organizing the Maquis in the neighbourhood of Castres. He agreed to help and one day summoned one of his liaison officers, Captain Paul de la Taille, to meet him in Toulouse. He said: "We've two women to smuggle over the Pyrenees. Get them some good shoes and some warm clothes."

And so it came about that one December day, sitting in their little room at Bethanie, Suzanne and Blanche received a message from the captain telling them to meet him a few days later in Perpignan, near the Spanish frontier. The town was alive with every sort of Vichy and German police, so Captain de la Taille went without delay to the man who was in charge of the frontier crossings for his network, and told him that Suzanne and Blanche needed to get to Spain in a hurry.

"Are you mad?" asked the man. "Two women? Why, they'd never make it."

In an adjoining room he showed them five American pilots who had just turned back to Perpignan, having failed the night before to reach Spain.

Disconsolately the party returned to the refuge of Bethanie. Then Captain de la Taille suggested that the two girls should go to Paris and work for the Resistance there. Gladly they agreed.

Suzanne spent one night in a safe house belonging to friends of the captain in Toulouse, and the next day she travelled to Paris. Here she heard, for the first time for over a year, further news of Paul Cole.

When Suzanne arrived in dour, bitterly cold Paris on December 30, 1943, she was tired, anxious—and doubly on the run. She feared recapture by the Germans; but even more

Suzanne (above) in the F.A.N.Y. uniform she wore while training in England after her escape from France. Left: as she is today—a Wimbledon housewife

she feared that Paul Cole would find her again.

So, night after night during the three months she spent in Paris before leaving for Britain, she slept in different houses as often as she could, with a revolver under her pillow. "If Paul walks in on me, I shall shoot him at once," she told a friend at this time. "I won't give him time to talk." She knew the dangers in that glib tongue.

Suzanne wanted to stay with her Aunt Isabelle because Aunt Jeanne was at that time in the country, but she feared that all three of her aunts might already have been denounced by Cole, or that at least he might look for her at their apartments. Suzanne's arrival in Paris had happened to coincide with one of the greatest bombardments of the capital by the American Air Force.

Greatly anxious, Suzanne slept that night in a little hotel and next day succeeded in getting through the débris to Aunt Isabelle's apartment. She found her aunt without gas, electricity or water, and with every window of her flat shattered, but otherwise unhurt. Aunt Isabelle agreed, "It's better you don't stay here with me at present—Cole knows my address too well." So Suzanne moved on, and slept again in a different house that night and succeeding ones.

She warned everyone she could in Paris to beware of Paul. But when she went over to her good friends the Crépels, the two girls, Jeanne and Francine, thought she had gone mad and so did old Monsieur Crépel himself. "Why," he said, "the fellow used to lunch here with us regularly. Seemed a real English gentleman to me. You must be mistaken, Suzanne."

"Oh, please believe what I'm telling you," urged Suzanne.

In fact, Paul Cole was still in prison. Not long after the German occupation of southern France and Suzanne's arrest, the security police found him in Fort Montluc. For some months they kept him in their own custody, moving him from one prison to another according, presumably, to where they most needed his special form of assistance. Official records estimate that throughout the war he betrayed a total of something like 150 Resistance men and women, of whom some fifty were tortured to death or shot.

Finally, in the spring of 1944, Cole was moved to the prison of Compiègne, where, having apparently by that time won the complete confidence of the Germans, he was released—and returned to Paris as a well-trusted German agent.

The news reached a French Resistance network in Paris, and a young man who belonged to it came to tell the Crépels. "Paul Cole has been set at liberty by the Germans. We know he is somewhere in Paris and he is looking for Suzanne. Tell her to be very careful."

Promptly Francine Crépel cycled across Paris to Aunt Isabelle to pass on the warning and, hearing this news, Suzanne intensified her precautions.

She was at that time fairly certain she would at least be able to get to Britain, and while she was waiting worked for five different Resistance networks, taking messages, conducting escapers, translating B.B.C. news bulletins and forging documents.

When her Resistance colleagues knew that the time was approaching for Suzanne to make her own trip to Britain, they welcomed the chance to send important documents along with her.

The first trip to the coast which she and Blanche made was a failure, and they missed the British naval craft which had been sent to fetch them. But on the night of April 14, 1944, Suzanne and Blanche, a guide and three American pilots travelled by train to a point in Brittany where they were taken to a little grocer's shop. Then a baker's van collected them.

Smuggled to freedom

The gallant baker had smuggled scores of Resistance people into the coastal zone in his van, which had no rear doors at all, only a wildly flapping tarpaulin.

The German sentries never seemed to suspect that anyone would have the nerve to smuggle clandestine passengers in a van which was not even closed and, through all the trips the baker made, nobody ever looked inside.

The van reached the coast and drove straight into the garage of a fisherman's house somewhere north of St. Brieuc. When the garage door had been closed, the party were allowed to get out and were taken into the house. There Suzanne found a regular "Cook's tour" of passengers for England. There were at least sixteen people, men and women, and even one boy of fourteen who had been smuggled in previously by the baker and were due to cross the Channel that night in the same ship of the British Navy.

As evening fell they gathered round the radio set to listen to the B.B.C. news bulletin in French. It had been agreed that a code sentence, read at the end of the bulletin, should tell them whether the ship in which they were to cross was able to keep its rendezvous with them that night. There was a tense moment as the news bulletin ended and the announcer began to read the code messages. But finally they heard the message they had all been waiting for.

Around ten o'clock the escapees left for the three hour walk to that point of the beach at which the rendezvous with the British Navy had been made.

They walked mile after mile across wild moorland. Every quarter of an hour the chief guide halted the column to pause and listen. Finally, around one o'clock in the morning, the party reached the cliffs above the tiny cove where they were scheduled to meet the Royal Navy one hour later. After what seemed an eternity of waiting, the guide exclaimed in a whisper: "There they are—I can hear the engines."

Nobody else had heard a sound, but sure enough a few minutes later several dinghies, rowed by shadowy figures, were seen approaching the beach. There were whispered exchanges, men splashed in and out of the sea carrying packages—and suddenly two powerful arms gripped Suzanne and a voice, which could belong only to a British sailor, said: "You come along with me, miss."

Soon after that, Suzanne found herself scrambling over a net and on to the deck of a motor gunboat. It was attacked by some German vessel in mid-Channel, but soon after dawn arrived safely into Dartmouth harbour.

Suzanne's only ambition now was to get herself trained and parachuted back to France at the earliest opportunity. . . .

Early in 1944, not long after Suzanne's arrival in Paris, Paul Cole was given a measure of freedom. The German conditions for this were that he should return to Paris and complete as rapidly as possible his task of denouncing those of his former friends whom he had not already betrayed and, above all, that he should deliver to them Suzanne Warren, his wife, whose escape seems to have particularly irritated the Gestapo.

The first of Cole's chosen victims were the Crépel family, at whose comfortable flat in the avenue de Suffren he had so often been a welcome luncheon guest.

Monsieur Crépel relates what had happened on the sunny morning of June 30, when Paul Cole turned up unexpectedly at his flat.

"Just after seven o'clock in the morning our front door bell rang. I was in my pyjamas when I opened the door and found Paul Cole standing outside.

"With Cole was a man whom he presented as an American officer. 'He's an agent of the United States Intelligence,' Cole said. 'Can you help him in the same way as you've helped so many others and get him false identity papers?'

"Of course, I'd been warned about Cole long before," said Monsieur Crépel. "So I played stupid and pretended I didn't know what he was talking about."

Cole's ruse is foiled

The two Crépel girls, Jeanne and Francine, came in while Cole was talking, and they heard him tell their father: "But you can't leave this man in the lurch; you've simply got to help him to escape, like you always did before."

Francine came to her father's aid by pretending to misunderstand what Cole was driving at. "I suppose you want us to get your friend some ration cards," she said.

The supposed American officer said very little, but Monsieur Crépel noticed that he kept looking surreptitiously at his watch. Finally the man leaned across to Cole and whispered something, of which Monsieur Crépel caught the words ". . . the address of your wife."

So that was it. Paul Cole was trying to locate Suzanne through the Crépels. Monsieur Crépel had heard the B.B.C. message announcing her safe arrival in Britain, but now all he said to Paul was: "My dear Paul, the last time we saw her she was with you."

Now came the scene which Cole and the Germans had obviously rehearsed and timed carefully beforehand. There was a new ring on the door, a knocking, and the cry of "German police—open up."

Monsieur Crépel, still not quite positive about Paul's real position, quickly motioned to him and his companion to hide themselves behind a door leading to the kitchen. Jeanne, in her dressing-gown, opened the door and saw two men in the long, grey mackintoshes that were almost a uniform for Gestapo agents in civilian clothes, each with a revolver in his hand.

"You are hiding two spies here," said one of the men. And he pushed his way into the corridor leading to the kitchen where Cole and the "American" had been standing without making any attempt to leave the flat by the back door, as they easily could have done. With a semblance of roughness, the two Gestapo men put handcuffs on Paul and his companion. Said Cole: "You see, it's all up with us now. But I am sure if you will give us the address of Suzanne nothing will be done to you."

Then, suddenly, the "American" took charge. He shook off his handcuffs and started to interrogate the whole family. Finally he said: "Get dressed, pack your suitcases quickly; you will have to come with us."

The two daughters pleaded for their parents. Francine said: "We'll come with you, but please leave Father and Mother out of this. They knew nothing about anything we were doing."

To her surprise, the Gestapo man suddenly packed up his notebook and said a few words in German to the others. "Very well," he said, "I will leave you for the moment—but remember, we know that you did provide people with false papers."

They maintained the pretence with Paul Cole to the last. As he was led away in handcuffs, Cole turned to the Crépels in one final appeal. "Look," he said, "*Je suis fichu*—I'm sunk. I beg you only, just for my sake, to give us the address of Suzanne." The Crépels never saw him again. To Monsieur Crépel, it seemed apparent that

Married to a traitor

continued from previous page

he had now become completely a pawn in German hands.

Having failed at the Crépels, Paul now led his German masters to another of his good and faithful friends—Monsieur Eugène Durand, of the Chope du Pont Neuf, who once already had been arrested and released.

The Gestapo took him—he was then over seventy—to their dreaded torture headquarters in the avenue Foch. All they asked him was: "Suzanne Warren—where is she now?" But Monsieur Durand told them nothing, and after eight days he was released again—a broken man.

But now the Battle of Normandy had been won and the Allies were already driving on towards Paris. The Gestapo were destroying their papers and hurriedly packing for Germany. Paul Cole went with them. . . .

Suzanne returned to France as a member of the Free French Army in a convoy which landed her, at the end of December, 1944, on the beach of Le Havre. She climbed the familiar hill to the house in which her father lived. The war had aged and tired him greatly. Part of the time he, too, had spent in prison. He held her affectionately in his arms and said: "My dear stupid daughter, what have you been doing all this time?"

He died only three months later. . . .

The Wehrmacht collapsed, Hitler died, the Gestapo disintegrated. Paul Cole found himself suddenly on his own in Germany. With him was one of the Germans with whom he had collaborated most closely, the notorious Sturmbannführer Kieffer, who during the war had operated in Paris.

Safe conduct guaranteed

Cole proposed to Kieffer that the two of them should surrender to the nearest available regiment of the American Army. "I'll tell them that I'm a British officer whom you have helped," explained Cole, "and I can certainly get you a safe conduct and complete clearance."

Kieffer agreed. Cole, in civilian clothes, walked into the headquarters of an American cavalry regiment in southern Germany, asked to see the squadron-leader and introduced himself with an air of authority.

"I'm a British officer," he said, as he heartily shook hands. "Captain Mason is the name. I've been acting as an agent here in Germany and just waiting for you chaps to turn up. Very glad to see you, I'm sure, and I may be able to be of service to you, I think. By the way, this man Kieffer has been very helpful to me, so I'd be glad if you can do anything for him."

The Americans threw open the hospitality of their mess to Cole, gave him a uniform with a captain's badges of rank, and soon had him co-operating enthusiastically with them, interrogating German prisoners.

Cole was now in his element. By an ingenious turn of the tables, he was able to denounce to the Americans, unfamiliar and in a strange land, many of the Gestapo chiefs with whom he had himself associated. He was given a desk in an office of the C.I.C. (Counter-Intelligence Corps) and by all who knew him at the time he was voted a "regular guy."

One day he walked out of the C.I.C. office taking with him a supply of American Army notepaper and official rubber stamps, and turned up at a French headquarters in the little town of Alsthausen, south-west of Ulm.

Looking immaculate in his new American uniform, he marched boldly into the office of the French Commandant de la Place. *"Bonjour, mon commandant,"* said he, saluting smartly. "I've been sent here as your American liaison officer. Anything I can do to help, you know. . . ."

He installed himself comfortably at a farmhouse outside Alsthausen, and continued his work of interrogating Germans in a nearby prison camp.

But months previously, back at he War Office in London, Intelligence officers had been building up, from reports of those who reached Britain from occupied France and from other sources, a clear picture of the true activities of the man who called himself Paul Cole.

It was Cole himself who gave to British Intelligence the one vital clue they needed. Flushed with his new success, he wrote a postcard to a woman friend in Paris, bearing the address from which he was operating and signed with the old familiar name of "Paul." The address on the card was carefully noted by a British official into whose hands it fell.

Promptly a major of a British Army intelligence unit in Paris set off, with a French police official, in a car for Alsthausen. They arrived at the office of the French commandant, in a little villa just off the main street, and asked if he knew where they could find *"le capitaine."*

"Certainly," said the commandant, "I was with him myself only last evening. He gave a most successful cocktail party, we all went along and even a British general was there." When the English officer explained the true identity of the captain, the French commander was flabbergasted. But he agreed to send a message to Cole asking him to come down to his office as soon as possible, because he had a "new job of interrogation" for him to do.

Cole arrived in a jeep with two American officers, and under his arm he nonchalantly carried a tommy-gun—as many people did in newly occupied Germany at that time. The British officer announced his identity and said, "You are Paul Cole and I have come to take you back with me."

"Nonsense," said Cole, at first trying to bluff it out, "I don't even know what you are talking about."

But as one of the French officers moved towards him, he suddenly raised his tommy-gun. The English major closed in on him just as the gun blazed out and got a bullet through his leg, but grabbed Cole and rolled to the ground with him, where Cole was overpowered, and then he was led to the car and driven back to Paris.

The British authorities wanted to be sure that they had got the right man. So they phoned the French 342 Squadron—Groupe Lorraine—in Holland, in which Roland Lepers, Paul Cole's early associate in northern France was now serving as a pilot. "Come at once to Paris," Lepers was told, "We've got Paul Cole. Come and identify him."

"You know I never did you any harm, old man," said Cole as he recognized Lepers. "You don't kick a man when he's down, eh?"

Lepers turned away. "That's Cole all right," he told the British officers. "Be careful he doesn't escape."

Cole was transferred to the S.H.A.E.F. Allied Military Prison in the Caserne Mortier, run jointly by the British, American and French.

Not long after, in Paris, Suzanne heard the alarming news: "Paul Cole has escaped from prison."

With his remarkable gift for ingratiating himself with people, Cole had won the confidence and friendship of the British and American guards. One day Cole asked if he could have a typewriter in his cell, so that he could spend his time "writing out a full confession." This request was granted. And when, a few days later, he complained that his cell at nights was so

bitterly cold that he found it hard to type, he was allowed to move himself and his typewriter to the warmth of the prison guard-room.

There, one evening, he was peacefully typing, and chatting amiably to the guards, when an American sergeant walked in and hung up his jacket on a peg alongside the hook on which Cole's own jacket was hanging. Cole saw his chance. He asked permission to go along the corridor to the toilet on his way back to his own cell. Casually the guards agreed: they were used to Cole's presence there in the evenings.

So quietly Cole tucked the typewriter under his arm, took down the sergeant's jacket from its peg and put it on. Then he quietly walked out—not to the lavatory but to the prison gates where, showing the identity papers contained in the sergeant's pockets, he was allowed to pass through unchallenged.

Suzanne had an unreasoning fear that he would try to find her, might even now attempt to do further harm, perhaps to herself, perhaps to her aunts. So once again she slept with a revolver under her pillow.

Meanwhile a new life was developing for Suzanne herself. Back in Britain at the parachute training school she had met a handsome and lively American, of French descent, who was training like herself to be dropped in France as a special agent. Now he, too, was in Paris as an intelligence officer for the American army, and Suzanne realized that she was deeply in love with him. But the spectre of Cole still shadowed her life.

Cole had, in fact, found a new refuge for himself, and a new woman to victimize. Madame Pauline Herveau was a fifty-one year old French widow, mother of three daughters, who kept a little establishment known as Billy's Bar in the rue de Grenelle, just off the boulevard Raspail. One day in late November Paul Cole walked into her bar, and bought himself a drink. He told Madame Herveau that he was an American soldier named Sergeant Carpenter, in Paris waiting demobilization.

Gradually he won her confidence, and confessed that he was a deserter. The good-natured Frenchwoman agreed to give him shelter. Paul Cole moved in to a room above Billy's Bar. He rarely went out except at night.

Cole's hope at this time was that he could continue to take refuge with Madame Herveau until his troubles blew over or he could find some way of escape from France, perhaps from Europe. But neighbours began to grow increasingly curious about the foreigner who never went out except after dark. One day one of them called in at the local police station.

The police, as a matter of routine, sent an officer to ask the *concierge* about him. Cole was out at the time, and when he came back and was told by the *concierge* that someone had been making inquiries about him, he remarked with an air of apparent casualness: "Yes, I know somebody is after me, but I'll be gone soon. I'm catching a train to Brussels in a few hours." Then, turning to Madame Herveau, he said: "Come on, *chérie*, let's have a glass of champagne."

Cole fights it out

That delay was fatal to Cole. A few hours later, on the evening of January 9, 1945, two detectives came back to Billy's Bar and asked Madame Herveau about her guest. She called up the stairs to Cole, "It's the police."

The detectives rushed up to the first floor and burst into Cole's room. He was standing with his back to the window as the police entered, flourishing a revolver in his hand. He fired three shots, wounding one in the shoulder and the right arm.

The police withdrew for a moment, and snatched their own revolvers. And then a strange thing happened which cost Cole his life but which at least reflected on him, in the few seconds before he died, one final moment of decency. As the two detectives came into the room again, the figure of Madame Herveau came between them and Cole, directly in his line of fire. If he had shot at that moment he might have killed the detectives, but he would almost certainly have shot the elderly Frenchwoman as well. He hesitated.

That second of hesitation cost him his life. From behind Madame Herveau the guns of the two policemen blazed out, and Paul Cole fell forward from the window, dead.

The French police did not know whom it was they had killed. When they searched Cole's pockets, they found the American identity card which he had stolen before his escape from the Caserne Mortier. It was only after checking with the military authorities that the realization came that the elusive Cole had been caught at last. He was just over forty when he died.

Suzanne knew nothing of the events in Billy's Bar until the following morning when, sitting at breakfast in an American officers' mess in Paris, she opened the *Daily Express* and saw the four-column headline: "Police Shoot Man Four Armies Hunted," with beneath it a picture which was unmistakably Paul Cole.

THE END

© Gordon Young, 1958

"Married to a Traitor," by Gordon Young, will be published by Hulton in January as a book, "In Trust and Treason." It will cost 18s.

Ordeal in Siam

by KENNETH LANDON

ILLUSTRATED BY OLIVER BRABBINS

Once the elephant had nearly killed his wife. Now Pomeroy must save its life—to conquer the fears of a people.

"You've just witnessed a miracle, Ann," called Dr. Gerald Pomeroy to his wife, as he bicycled behind her through the night. "When I went into that church, I hadn't heard or spoken Siamese for fifteen years, and by the end of the service it all came back."

"Wonderful!" Ann called in reply. Everything was new and wonderful to her. "But it's lucky you and God understand Siamese. I'm afraid I never shall."

"What do you expect in a week?" he answered cheerfully. "After all, I was born here."

The road ran straight and dark, dipping and rising to the Pomeroys' old bungalow half a mile beyond the village end. There was no light but the stars—to Ann, the bright alien stars in an alien sky. Palm fronds rustled like silk, and the musky scent of nameless flowers passed on the breeze.

They could sense the road rather than see it, running through the velvet blackness of the rubber gardens. Then these gave place on the right to the grounds of a Buddist temple where a few flickering lights danced like fireflies.

Ann heard the rhythmic chanting of monks, the resonant bass of the older monks cut by the soaring treble of the novices. "It's beautiful," she said, "but the stars here are funny. Some of them seem to dance around. Look at that one just ahead. It seems to move back and forth across the sky."

Gerald saw it, too, and shouted: "Ann, jump!"

She was a girl who usually asked why, but she heard the sudden fear in his voice, and jumped, throwing herself sideways, and pulling the bicycle into the ditch with her. Then, between herself and the faint illumination from the temple, a vast shape moved ponderously by with the eerie pad of great feet set down almost soundlessly, passing where she had been only seconds before.

She heard Gerald from the far ditch calling in Siamese, his anger carefully controlled as he had told her it must always be in this country where loss of control was loss of the basis for respect.

The shape stopped. Gerald came to her, and she scrambled from the ditch as the mahout slid a foot into the curve of the elephant's trunk and came lightly to the ground. Ann saw that her dancing star was a small coconut-oil lamp on the brow of the elephant. It seemed high and far away as the huge animal turned slowly toward them. Then the sinewy trunk leaped forward like a whip and snapped Gerald on the shoulder lightly.

"Why, it's old Ngam!" Gerald said, "So it must be Biak." And again he spoke in Siamese, and the mahout answered. Ann came and leaned, trembling, against Gerald's shoulder.

"My wife is frightened, but apparently unhurt by this experience. She might have been killed, you know."

Biak, the mahout, answered the implied criticism with the bluntness of a countryman to an old friend. "I had a light. You had none. If Ngam's trunk had been injured, he couldn't have worked, and that would have been a tragic loss to me."

Gerald smiled in the dark, his anger gone. So they had argued as children, Biak and he.

"In any case," he said, "come back to the house and have a cup of tea. You can turn Ngam into the lalang grass where he used to play. There's much to talk about."

Biak's father had been the Pomeroys'

She heard the urgent shout of warning, and jumped for the ditch. Slowly the eerie pad of heavy feet passed by

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Ordeal in Siam

continued from previous page

cook. He had given his son the elephant when he was ten. It was just a baby at the time, weighing hardly half a ton. Gerald Pomeroy was ten that year, too, but his father wouldn't give him an elephant when he raced into the study where his father, the missionary, was writing a sermon, and asked for one.

"An elephant is different from a dog," Mr. Pomeroy had explained, and looked at Gerald to see if he saw the difference. He cocked the boy's quivering chin with a bony finger and explained. "Biak's elephant is his career. He'll live as long as Biak, or longer. Once he's trained to work timber, Biak will never be without a good living."

He shuffled his papers a moment as his mind drifted to his sermon. Then the problem of that quivering chin caught at his sense of responsibility and he went further: "So you see, Gerald, Biak's father gives him an elephant and your father sends you home to college. An elephant would be no help to a surgeon, and that's what I hope you'll be. We need one here. We need one very much."

He closed his eyes a moment, as if he saw the procession of broken bodies it was beyond his power to succour, and added: "May God help you, boy." Then his sermon claimed him, and he patted his son absently in dismissal. . . .

It all happened as Gerald's father had said it would. Ngam went to the timber camp to be trained as a work elephant, and Biak went with him. For Gerald it was the university, the laboratory and the operating theatre, with the knowledge that some day he would return to Ban Malai and the sad procession of need that his father had made him see. Now at last, with the money for a modest hospital of wood and atap, he had returned. . . .

Gerald and Ann sat with Biak on the veranda of the Pomeroy's bungalow. But even after the tea came, and they had sipped it with the cakes made by the new cook—Biak's father had died only a year after Gerald's—the reserve of long separation remained. They explored the years as courtesy demanded.

Biak had five children and three elephants now. They asked all the polite questions, showing the mutual interest that country ritual required, without haste. But Gerald knew that the barrier of the years remained.

Then, disregarding the fact that to the Thai people indirection and courtesy were synonymous, Gerald had recourse to a direct question.

"What's wrong, Biak?" he asked. "Aren't we friends any more?"

"We are friends," Biak answered, and was silent.

Gerald waited. If Biak did not choose to say more, he could gauge from that fact how high rose the walls between him and the villagers he had come to serve.

"Is it true that you are a surgeon?" Biak asked him hesitantly.

THEN Gerald knew. "Now, Biak," he countered, "my father used pills to de-worm children and to break the fevers of malaria and to seal up weepy bowels. Wasn't that all right?"

"That was all right."

"But you think it is wrong to cut evil and pain out of the body with a knife?"

"It is wrong!" Biak was emphatic. "It is dangerous to disturb the balance of the four elements; earth, air, fire and water. Such disturbances cause permanent damage, and even death."

"That's nonsense."

Biak shrugged and withdrew within himself.

"Look at your king, at your ruling class, the educated people," Gerald said. "They have many Thai surgeons in Bangkok."

Biak was not impressed. "They are a breed apart, the heaven-born ones," he said.

Together Ann and Gerald worked to make a home and initiate his practice. The new hospital was built, a simple structure with an examining room, an operating room, two wards and one private room. The patients came, but, as Biak had warned, it was only for pills and unguents, except for local officials assigned from Bangkok.

In his daily clinics Gerald treated trachoma and dysentery, malaria and every sort of skin disease. He saw tumours that made his fingers itch, as big as melons. He was permitted to examine them, but never to remove them. It troubled him deeply to see case after case requiring surgery, then to have the merciful knife rejected and the patient carried home to die.

Then, early one afternoon, a Chinese driver from the Nong Pet tin mine came to fetch him. A Chinese labourer had been caught by a sudden rock fall. The manager thought that the worker's crushed leg would have to be removed. The Chinese, unlike the country Thai, had no prejudice against surgery.

IT was late afternoon before he had removed the leg of his Chinese patient. The mining village was a shabby row of atap-roofed hovels, one of them a tea-shop where Gerald stopped for a pot of hot Chinese tea before returning home.

He was the only customer. He sat with his back to the street to avoid the glare of the sunlight. The shop was no more than a bamboo shed, open to the street and not very clean. The cook brought the tea and some English biscuits from a tin under the counter, and retired again to the rear of the shop.

Gerald was on his second cup of tea with a biscuit in his left hand when the roof seemed to rise above him and a dust storm break over him. A snake-like object slid swiftly around his neck and deftly nipped the biscuit from his astonished fingers.

He turned his head quickly and looked up into Ngam's eye. Even as he looked, Ngam sucked up the rest of the biscuits from the plate, stuffed them hurriedly into his mouth, touching his trunk daintily to his lips. The roof of the shop rested athwart his neck. Only his head was inside.

The shopkeeper came yelling and cursing in Chinese and threw a fistful of biscuits at the elephant, who ducked his head and backed into the street, letting the roof settle into place. The air was adrift with flakes of atap and dust. The tea was unfit to drink.

Gerald went out into the street where Ngam stood alone, head hung low, rubbing one hind foot against the ankle of the other like a sheepish boy caught with his hand in the cake tin. The street was empty in the heat of the afternoon.

"You're a bad boy," Gerald said reprovingly, and the elephant swung his

head back and forth as though abashed by the consciousness of his wrongdoing.

He was so funny that Gerald, forgetting his anger, bought a box of cakes and fed them to him one by one. The elephant rumbled with pleasure. Gerald admired the shining black of the hide with its underlying gleam of blue. Ngam was a splendid beast, he was thinking as Biak appeared.

"Ah, doctor," Biak said in relief. "You found him. I had thought to ask your help. He has a boil there on his other shoulder, see?"

The boil was as big as a watermelon and about that shape. It was apparently the result of irritation from the halter chains used in hauling timber.

"It's hot as burning charcoal," Biak said.

Gerald touched the boil gently and felt the fever. Ngam stirred restlessly. "What do you plan to do?" Gerald asked.

"I thought you might have a pill," Biak said hopefully.

"No pill could cure that," Gerald answered. It was then that the idea came to him. Lance it. But what with? And who would be so foolhardy as to get within mowing distance of that mighty trunk?

Gerald did not stop to weigh the difficulties or measure the consequences of failure. "Why don't you let me operate?" he asked. "I'll open the boil and drain it, and in a few days Ngam will be as good as ever."

Biak's face was full of disbelief. "You are serious?"

"Bring him to the hospital, and I'll show you. Unless you'd rather see him suffer and perhaps die."

The Siamese looked at him uncertainly, half in eagerness, half in distrust. "I will think about it," he said. "I must think about it."

Gerald shrugged and walked toward his car. "But don't bring Ngam unless you bring the village elders, too. I won't operate without official witnesses." It had come to him that, if these country elders watched a successful operation of such gargantuan magnitude, they would never forget it. The operation would become a legend to be sung, to be set to music, to be play-acted by the children, to be believed, to be accepted—*if*—if it could be performed; and if it were successful.

Biak did not come that day, or the next, or the next. It was ten days later when Gerald was awakened at dawn by the jostle of a multitude of voices against his ears. He bounded out of bed and peered out towards the road, and fear gripped him hard. He began to tremble. They had come. He dropped on his knees beside the bed and uttered the shortest and most sincere prayer of his life, "God, help me!"

He dressed quickly and went out barefooted on to the raised veranda. Ann was already there, a frown of bewilderment on her face. Ngam was standing dejected in the shade of a giant cinnamon tree; in front of him a tub of water. Biak stood beside him with a palm branch which he dipped into the tub and used to splash water over the animal's feverish hide. The elephant had lost condition greatly during the interval. He was thinner and obviously sick.

GERALD and Anne were engrossed by the crowd which flowed over the compound like a lake. The elders had brought not only their own families but others from villages for miles around, as far as Gerald was able to judge. They had come with children, dogs, mats, cooking stoves, fighting cocks. There were cake, drink and fruit sellers setting up shop by the simple expedient of stepping out from under their carrying poles and lowering the loaded baskets on either end to the ground.

As Gerald stood on the veranda high above the heads of the people, the full import of why they had come struck him in the heart. Beneath the festive appearance of the occasion was no casual interest. They had come to see a surgical operation for themselves.

A hush fell over the crowd as the doctor went down to his mammoth patient. They drew around him in a large quiet circle and listened as he gave Biak instructions for building a

"A personal loan of £500, in singles, and skip the formalities. . ."

stockade, triangular in shape, large enough to hold the elephant.

Then he went to the kitchen to order the cook to prepare pots of boiled water. He got out the nozzle of the new bucket pump he had bought for spraying his fruit trees, and sterilized it. He went to his office and took down two Thai spears that had come to him as a gift from an educated Thai on whose daughter he had performed a successful appendix operation.

He tested the strength of the shafts and found them solid, ground down the points, and finally gave them a careful honing until they were razor-sharp. It was a long job. Ann made him stop for lunch, but he could hardly swallow food.

About three, the Chinese coolie came to tell him that Biak and the men had

BOYS—1

Many a small boy is the kind of child his mother tells him not to play with.

John Burroughs

completed their preparations, and he went to inspect them. Ngam stood in chains in a stockade, the apex of which consisted of an enormous palm tree. On each side were three massive pots with heavy cross-bars lashed into place by rattans. The rear of the triangle was also heavily barred. Ngam's front feet were hobbled and lashed to the tree by a chain. Each back foot was similarly fastened to a heavy post. The elephant could move only a few inches in any direction.

A platform five feet high had been built of bamboo. It commanded the elephant's left shoulder where the boil rose angrily to view. Ngam's head rested wearily against the bolt on the far side of the tree. Gerald climbed the short ladder to the platform, and the Chinese coolie handed him the spray gun, the spears, a broom and two buckets filled with a mixture of carbolic acid and boiled water. He was ready. The crowd drew in close, silent except for the cry of a baby or complaint of a child. Gerald stood alone with his patient as though on a stage.

He knew the Thai love of drama and did not hurry. He spent long, careful minutes examining the boil. He dipped the broom in the disinfectant and brushed Ngam's hide over the swollen area several times, waiting between times, feeling the tension mounting in the crowd. He lifted the spear shoulder high and twirled it over his head to get the feel of its balance.

A murmur of interest went through the crowd as they saw what he held in his hand, their traditional weapon of war. It was an understandable instrument to use in attacking the evil spirits bedded under Ngam's hide.

The time had come. Gerald took a deep breath. Carefully he selected the heart of his target and drove the spear through the tough hide into the festering mass beneath. A geyser of filth, yellow and stinking, spouted across his body, chest-high, but luckily missed his face.

"A-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-ah," the crowd sighed, and there was a shrill squeal of agony that blasted the air as Ngam lunged against the palm tree. If he had had only that one tree to conquer, he could have pushed it over, but his back feet were tightly chained, also. Even so, the tree yielded and then sprang back, but not until Ngam had slipped his head to its near side. His trunk wrapped around the bole of the tree like a boa constrictor and he heaved to uproot it and free himself.

He can get at me now, Gerald thought, but almost dispassionately, and returned quickly to the task of enlarging the hole for better drainage. He used the second spear to ram a second split at the right of the first. A blast of hot air hit his legs, and the tip of Ngam's trunk found his knee. It rested heavily there as though warning him to take care. Ngam's head was turned, and his eye was fixed on Gerald.

"It's going to be all right, old boy," Gerald said, while Biak chanted soothing lullabies old in elephant lore.

NGAM seemed to understand that he was being helped, and remained quiescent as Gerald quickly cut through the four or five inches of hide between the two incisions and then climbed down from the platform to wait ten minutes or so to let the wound drain as much as it would. After that he inserted the spray nozzle into the cut and ordered the coolie to begin pumping. The result was astonishing and dramatic. With every stroke, a gush of the congested matter rolled out and down Ngam's side.

"There's nothing more to do," he told Biak and the crowd when this was finished. "Feed Ngam if he wants to eat, give him plenty to drink, and later I'll flush out the cavity again. I'm going to get a bath."

The villagers took over the compound. Before dark they had set up a bamboo hut for a shadow show. It amounted to no more than a platform ten feet square on high posts, with an atap roof and sides, a sheet of white cloth across the front, and the back open where the orchestra would sit. The players used leather cut-out figures of Rama, Sita and other mythical characters to depict the story they chanted. A lantern provided the light to throw shadows of the figures on to the screen.

The show began at ten and continued until dawn. Gerald, who couldn't sleep, joined the audience at midnight, squatting on a mat, eating fruit with them, and bowls of *congee*, followed by tea.

The people remained throughout the next day to watch Gerald care for Ngam's shoulder. There was continuing drainage, but by evening the fever had decreased, and the elephant was eating.

Still the villagers stayed, some coming and some going. They stayed that night and the next day and the next night. There was a stronger beat to the drum as it beat out the invitation to the play on that third evening: *"Boom-Boom-Boom-Boom-Boom-Boom-Boom-Boom, Boom, Boom, Boom, Boom."* The crowd was larger than on any previous night.

A NEW scene had been written into the play. Ngam became a god, a sick god needing a miracle to enable him to use his great strength in the war to rescue the lovely heroine Sita. Gerald became a *rishi*, a jungle mystic of local fame, who had travelled afar to study the eternal mysteries and come back with knowledge from the higher heavens.

He had worked the necessary miracle before their eyes, bringing the four elements of the body into balance again, draining off the excess water element by use of his magic spear.

And so Ngam, the god, brother of the heavenly elephant Airavata on whom mighty Indra rode, was enabled to go in strength and help in the rescue of the beautiful Sita from the wicked prince who held her prisoner. And Gerald, the *rishi*, great and good, was rewarded by being made himself godlike, endued with the power to work similar miracles on other needy gods, even on people whom the gods loved, on the villagers.

Ann and Gerald went into the house and leaned silently on each other for a long, long time listening to the rise and fall of the chanting epic that seemed to have neither beginning nor end. Then they went wearily to bed, and in the morning the Thai were gone.

Two days later Gerald had his first surgical patient from the villages, a Thai woman with a tumour as large as a soccer ball. The next week he had an appendix case.

The day he performed a Caesarean and saved both mother and child, he knew that the barriers were down. By the time the cool season ended and the hot season began, he was so busy it seemed impossible that he had once longed for more patients.

Down the road at the monastery, the New Year's festivities began. The traditional celebration included the pouring of water over friends as a token of blessing, a kind of sympathetic magic.

Part of the ceremony in Ban Malai involved a parade of elephants dressed in festoons and collars of flowers and silver and gold cloth. They came down the street from temple to temple, and, while the villagers used tree branches to dip water from their pails and spatter the human objects of their veneration, the elephants kneeled and lifted their trunks in salaam to the temple buildings. Ann and Gerald stood on the veranda to watch the ceremony.

The leading elephant was Ngam. Without hesitation he turned in at the familiar gate and came to stand before the veranda. The whole parade followed him in. Ann and Gerald stood at the rail on a level with his eye.

"Cook," Ann called, "bring some biscuits, please." But Ngam had other things on his mind.

A young man set a pail of water beside him, and with a swish Ngam sucked up its contents, tossed his trunk high, brought it down again, and delicately blew a gentle mist of symbolic blessing over Ann and Gerald, then kneeled, raising his trunk in salute as he had been doing at the temples.

A murmur of approval and some laughter ran through the crowd. Then the other elephants sank ponderously to their knees and raised their trunks in salute also, and the crowd followed their example, men, women and children, kneeling on the ground, pressing their palms together and raising them to the position of salaam with a graceful bend of the head. THE END

© *Kenneth Landon, 1958*

Golden gift of the gab

continued from page 9

British Ambassador whenever Dimbleby joined the entourage. "Officials flocked round him as soon as he appeared," says a reporter who was there. "His Rolls was grander in every way than the ambassador's. There was no question which vehicle served better to maintain Her Britannic Majesty's prestige. Richard was a great success."

This aspect of Dimbleby's public persona, together with his respectful regard for the aristocracy, have regularly inflamed the more ravening of his critics.

"The man shimmers in his own unction," wrote the formidable *Cassandra* in a newspaper column after one ducal visit. "He is the Royal Radio Pussy Cat. He is the greatest and most accomplished radio butler that Broadcasting House has ever seen . . . quietly sizzling and gently bubbling like an over-rich Welsh rarebit."

Wynford Vaughan-Thomas, a fellow commentator, has described such criticism as unfair, "because it simply isn't true that Richard is a toady. If he appears to defer it's because he gets better television out of showing respect for his subjects' special interests."

In a television interview with Uffa Fox, a boat designer who is a personal friend of the Duke of Edinburgh, Dimbleby seated himself in an armchair which at once emitted a vulgar sound. Fox had hidden a motor horn under the cushion.

"I hope," said Dimbleby, collecting himself quickly, "you haven't done that to your most famous guest."

"It was my most famous guest," replied Fox equably, "who showed me the trick."

The subject was swiftly changed.

Prince of protocol

Dimbleby's encyclopaedic researches into protocol have made him virtually irreplaceable on State occasions. "Some commentators just can't be bothered to research," says one producer. "You can spot them as soon as they keep on about 'this splendid scene, the purple and the gold, serried ranks' and so forth. It's merely to disguise the fact that they couldn't tell you Garter King of Arms from Charlie Cheesecake. With Richard you know you'll get an informed account with the names and functions of all participants."

This efficiency and his capacity for research have made him a by-word in other fields. During the General Election of 1955, he spent three days writing notations on more than six hundred constituency cards and arranging them in the order in which results were expected. On election night he faced the cameras for a twenty-two hour stretch with only three hours of cat-naps in between.

Such virtuosity makes demands even on one of Dimbleby's bouncing physique, and residents of Richmond, Surrey, where he is known as the proprietor of three local papers, frequently observe him taking a restorative nap in the back of the Rolls while a liveried chauffeur bears him swiftly to the next engagement.

There has not, for many years, been any shortage of engagements. Since 1946, when he left a safe staff job at the B.B.C. (his pride hurt at not being offered higher pay and position), he has shown an obsessive desire to fill up every fee-earning hour of his time.

B.B.C. fees are not high (Dimbleby rarely receives more than £40 for a commentary—even a "royal" that lasts forty-five minutes): he makes his money by sheer volume. In an average year his broadcasting engagements will include:

40 editions of *Panorama*.
30 outside broadcasts.
30 editions of *Twenty Questions*.
20 overseas broadcasts
6 Eurovision link-up programmes.
3 broadcasts for French television.

This schedule, full enough to satisfy the hungriest freelance, takes up less than half of Dimbleby's working hours. The rest of the time he is a newspaper publisher, a film company chairman, the director of a public relations company and a travel agency, a highly-paid journalist, and an author.

That he has had to buy his way into some of the directorial seats does not by any means indicate that he is a sleeping partner.

When the *Richmond and Twickenham Times*, chief of his three newspapers began to feel the draught of an advertising recession some months ago, he told his business manager to stop canvassing national agents. "If they don't want us, let's find someone who does. Rouse up the local stores," he said; and himself initiated a direct approach to neighbouring tradesmen that brought them crowding to advertise.

When the B.B.C. abandoned a film series entitled *About Europe* in which he was to have spoken the commentary, he signed up the entire unit on behalf of his film company. "We'll make the series ourselves," he said, "and sell it to the B.B.C. That way we'll cash in on the syndication, too."

Such off-screen incidents reveal a muscular intellect well able to fend for itself should every peer become a ploughboy and the country go down in Red revolution.

"He's always been like that," says his mother. "Richard makes the best of everything. I remember when he was born—he came early and his bassinette hadn't arrived—we had to pop him in a drawer. To see that little mite, so snug and placid, you'd have thought that's what drawers were for."

His school nickname

That was in 1913 in Twickenham. At Mill Hill, a Nonconformist (and also non-U) public school, his developing figure earned him the nickname of "Dropsy" and his amiability the friendly regard of all. His housemaster, Victor Elliott, now living in retirement near the school, still recalls one report: "Richard's academic record this term cannot be said to be outstanding, but he is a very pleasant person to have about the place."

Dropsy's father, Fred J. G. Dimbleby, a lifelong Liberal and one of Lloyd George's advisers, was political correspondent of the *Daily Mail*.

When the paper decided to support fascism he left in disgust—and so put paid to his son's plans to go to Oxford.

For with no other job to go to, Fred Dimbleby had to fall back on the family business, Dimbleby and Sons Ltd., jobbing printers and owners of the *Richmond and Twickenham Times*.

Finding himself a niche on the editorial side of the paper, Dimbleby senior signed on an indentured pupil reporter, Dilys Thomas. Her most regular job was to send Master Richard his pocket money at Mill Hill.

They fell in love

When Richard left school, he, too, joined the paper for an eighteen-month grounding in the business before finding himself a job. (He also fell in love with the indentured pupil, and married her seven years later.)

Dropsy's first job was as New Forest district reporter of a Southampton paper, and a contemporary view of him is revealing.

"He used to buzz all over the forest in a little car his father had bought him," says a fellow journalist. "He was a big, plump young chap, very chatty. He could talk the hind leg off a donkey. I liked him. Everybody did."

"Of course I love you. If I didn't I couldn't stand you"

After eighteen months, the plump, chatty young man wondered where he was going. He wrote off for several other jobs, and finally landed one on a trade paper in London. The work involved late hours and he got himself a bed-sitter in Bloomsbury. Here, hungrily waiting one night for a tin of baked beans to heat on his gas-ring, he switched on the wireless to hear the nine o'clock news—and had his unique idea.

The B.B.C. news at that time consisted of a series of bald communiqués supplied by news agencies. Dimbleby's idea (he was so taken with it that he drafted a letter the same night) was for the B.B.C. to hire reporters whose special despatches and eye-witness accounts would put a bit of life into the communiqués. He modestly suggested himself as the first reporter.

Three weeks later he was called to appear before a board—and was turned down. While still brooding over the rebuff, he was invited to call again, and met an official who had a different proposition. There was something about Mr. Dimbleby, this official suggested delicately, that made him peculiarly suitable for the Talks Department. Could he give a ten-minute topical talk every night?

Mr. Dimbleby said he'd like a try, and shortly afterwards was on his first assignment—an interview with a champion cow called Cherry.

The cow is not recorded as having got in so much as a moo, but Dimbleby's career was launched. It was 1936, and he was at the age of twenty-three.

During the war his first-class reporting from fourteen different theatres of war built him a massive reputation, and it was during this period, a fellow-commentator thinks, that he began to see himself as representing not just the B.B.C. but Britain. When entering Bardia with the military, his mien was so martial, his bearing so imposing that a considerable part of the Italian army immediately tried to surrender to him.

Since the war Dimbleby's greatest triumph has undoubtedly been his commentary on the Coronation. Even his sharpest critics agreed that his performance on that occasion was masterly.

"For a Coronation," one of them wrote next day, "there is nobody like Dimbleby. But he should be kept only for Coronations." Dimbleby's tart question, "What am I supposed to do in between—starve?" can be regarded as purely rhetorical.

A few years ago he bought all the available shares in the family newspaper business and now owns seventy-five per cent of them. He has revitalized the company. Today it is a booming enterprise with a real value, trade assessors say, of £200,000.

He has worked hard for its success, and by neat dovetailing of other engagements manages to put in the equivalent of three full days a week in the Richmond office.

He is a martinet on standards of personal conduct and once sacked a reporter whose cheque bounced. "Nobody is allowed to offend against Mr. Richard's conception of good form," says an employee.

Apart from his newspapers, he devotes most attention to *Panorama*—a programme that has brought him universal plaudits for his restrained and skilful handling of contemporary events.

Best figure forward

Because he believes that his bulk is principally responsible for the charges of pomposity levelled against him, he takes great care to be televised from the right angle. In the *Panorama* studio two monitor screens flank his desk, one showing the picture being transmitted, the other a view of himself.

While memorizing his lines between items, he minutely examines the second screen, arranging himself to best advantage.

Dimbleby's family life is close and affectionate; his only complaint is that he rarely gets time to enjoy it. "I am out early in the morning," he says, "and all too often I am still motoring home at eleven o'clock at night." Home is a sixteenth-century house on his farm near Hindhead, Surrey, where he lives with his wife, three sons and an adopted daughter.

His wife, Dilys, the ex-indentured pupil reporter, still sees, when he sallies out in the Rolls, that he has enough pocket money and an adequate supply of the detachable shirt cuffs that are specially made for him. She also books all his engagements and negotiates the fees.

A few years ago a friend, telephoning Dimbleby, was informed that he was not in. "This is Mr. Dimbleby's man speaking," said a reverent voice.

The friend comments: "I knew then that Richard was aiming for the big time and the big money."

There are signs that he is well on target. One order booked by his wife recently was from a newspaper commissioning him to write at a fee that works out at five shillings a word. For the man who has so many to spare, the big time is here. THE END

How to move without creaking

Dr. BRIAN ANSON

Now doctors have learned the mystery in your muscles, they can ease stiff limbs—or cure the pain in your neck

An X-ray photograph shows how a metal cup is fitted over a diseased hip joint. And (right) a nurse at the Harrogate Royal Bath Hospital supervises exercises to rebuild weak muscles

I WELL remember the first time I was invited to assist at an operation for reconstructing an arthritic hip joint. The surgeon made an enormous incision across the buttock and thigh, then began to divide and put aside muscles until I began to wonder whether I was assisting at an amputation.

Presently the joint was exposed. The surgeon divided its ligaments and said: "Well, let's dislocate it!" And out came the top end of the femur from its socket.

It was a nasty sight. Both head and socket were crowded with bony stalactites and stalagmites, instead of being smoothly rounded. Small wonder that the owner had been in pain and unable to walk.

Now he was breathing gently and peacefully under the anaesthetic, quite unaware that I was holding his leg, and in some fear that if I pulled too hard the whole thing would come away in my hands.

The surgeon had seized a hammer and chisel. He knocked off the worst protuberances around the socket. Then he took a large rimer and rimed out a new, smooth socket with level edges. Beside him were a selection of handleless cups made of vitallium, a metal that is not corroded by body fluids.

Plastic fitting for a thigh

Picking one the right size, he gently hammered it home and the patient's pelvis now had a permanent, smooth hip socket.

The surgeon turned to what should have been the rounded head of the femur—the thigh bone. He gave it a contemptuous look, took up a saw and sawed it off short. Then he asked for a drill and bored a hole down the shaft. Into this he fitted a brand new plastic ball head which had a long shank.

"Now let's reduce the dislocation," he said, and fitted head into socket, where it turned and moved to a marvel. Between us, we stitched up the ligaments and fixed all the muscles back into place.

The patient spent the next six weeks in bed. He needed intensive physiotherapy to strengthen and exercise all his thigh and buttock muscles, for most of them had shrunk as the result of being out of use.

The other day—eight years later—I saw him striding along the road, without even a walking stick. "Creaks a bit sometimes," he said. "You should have fitted an oil hole. Otherwise it's fine. . . ."

All bodily movements are of two kinds, either conscious or unconscious. Reading this page involves both kinds. There are the conscious movements of bending

How to move without creaking

continued from previous page

the arms and holding the pages with the fingers and thumbs, as well as all those movements connected with the process of reading itself.

But in the meantime, inside the reader, the heart beats steadily at seventy-two to the minute, the diaphragm goes up and down at fifteen to the minute, the stomach and intestines continue their inexorable rhythm.

The healthy reader is quite unaware of all this unconscious activity inside and, indeed, is hardly ever aware of his conscious movements—until something goes wrong.

The bones, joints, muscles and nerves which are used in conscious movements are collectively known as the locomotor system. In essence, the system is simple enough. Two bones meet at a joint, which has a varying range of movement. Between the bones stretch two muscles, which are synchronized so that when one contracts the other relaxes. Contract one, and the joint bends; contract the other, and it straightens.

This simple picture is complicated by the range of different movements which many joints need to have. The forearm, for example, not only bends up and down, but twists on itself so that the hand may be palm up or palm down.

Even the knee, which seems to have a simple movement, finishes its straightening by a tiny sideways twist to lock the joint in the straight leg position, preventing it from giving way when the weight of the body goes on it.

Cure for a girl's legs

Our posture and all our conscious movements depend on a normal locomotor system. This may be upset by various kinds of rheumatic diseases. Some make the muscles stiff, others cause the ligaments round the joints to swell, still others distort and roughen the ends of the bones. The system will also be upset if the bones are misshapen, or are of odd sizes on the two sides of the body.

A girl patient of mine had an accident as a baby and broke her left leg. As a result, that leg was two inches shorter than the other and her parents wanted to know if anything could be done to make both legs of equal length before she grew up. They would, of course, have liked the short one lengthened, but technically it is much easier to shorten the long one.

An adolescent's leg bones are hard bone in the middle and at both ends, but in between they are made of cartilage, or gristle, to allow for growth. It is as though they were in three pieces—a long shaft with a knob at each end. Where the knobs join on is the point of growth, and if metal staples are driven in at that point, further growth stops.

The tricky thing was to choose the right age at which to staple the girl's longer leg so that when she had finished growing the shorter one would have caught up. X-ray examination showed how far growth and union had progressed, and it was decided to operate when she was twelve years old.

Now she is seventeen and has nearly finished growing. Her left leg is only half an inch shorter than her right, and that half-inch will soon disappear, giving her a normal gait instead of a limp for the rest of her life.

Even in the process of conscious movement there is always in action an unconscious system of control, through nerves which lead from muscles to the brain. When the arm bends in "flexion" at the elbow, not only do the biceps on the front of the arm contract, but the triceps on the back of the arm have to be paid out as well—just as a sailor pays out a rope.

In this way nature maintains the muscular tone on both sides of the arm, and it is by estimating muscular tone that the nerves are able to tell the brain about the position of the arm in space.

The nerves which supply the muscles are elongated cells, designed to carry messages at a speed of one hundred metres a second. Messages from brain to muscles leave the spinal cord in front and pass down nerve fibres to the muscle end plates which stimulate muscular contraction. Messages going the other way go in at the back of the spinal cord and relay their messages upward to the brain—or they may go directly out again, in the so-called reflex arc, back to the muscles.

Tread with bare foot on a drawing-pin and the whole process of neuro-muscular co-ordination is demonstrated. A message from foot to brain indicates at once what has happened and information already available about the position of the foot in space suggests what to do next.

But even before the brain has found the answer, the reflex arc—in at the back of the spinal cord, out at the front—has done its job, and quite unconsciously the muscles have contracted, the leg has flexed at hip and knee and the weight has been transferred to the other foot. Now the brain has time to decide, consciously, what you should do next.

Fibrositis is the commonest form of rheumatic trouble in Britain. Its only symptom is pain in the softer parts of the body, which have scattered tender places dignified by the name of trigger areas. The name fibrositis arose because the trouble was supposed to be due to inflammation of fibrous tissues.

Nobody has ever proved this, nor is there any general agreement even now as to the exact cause. Probably mild injuries, which everybody suffers, start the process. Muscles and tendons get strained or bruised, and are left with small scarred areas.

This is borne out by the fact that people in certain occupations get fibrositis in definite parts of the body. Gardeners, who bend a lot, get it in the small of the back; meat porters who carry weights on their shoulders get it in the neck; tennis players in the elbow; stokers in the forearm.

Chilling of any part of the body is apt to bring on an attack. A draught, sitting on wet grass, standing about in wet trousers, may all be followed by stiffness and pain in the exposed part. But fibrositis is not entirely physical.

Various emotions make a patient "strung up" and prevent relaxation, with the result that the muscle which is, in consequence, always under tension, tires and becomes painful. It may be literal truth to say that some annoying person can give a man a pain in the neck.

It has been found that the trigger areas are of two kinds. One sort are little fibrous nodules, the aftermath of injuries, which press on nerve endings and so cause pain. The other kind are small tense lumps of fat, which have burst away from the normal fatty sheath covering the muscles. Both sorts can be dispersed by massage.

The value of massage

The virtues of the endless specifics which can be rubbed in are, in fact, due to the rubbing, rather than the medicament.

Few drugs can actually penetrate more than a very short distance into the skin before they are whisked away by the blood stream. This is obvious from the speed at which a hypodermic injection produces a general effect rather than a local one.

It is a mistake to retire to bed with an attack of fibrositis. It is much better to control the pain with aspirin and then take exercise, to loosen up the stiff places and promote a good circulation through the muscles.

A much more serious member of the rheumatic family of diseases is rheumatoid arthritis. It attacks women four times as often as men, and usually begins with swellings of the finger joints, slowly progressing to the wrists, toes, ankles and other joints, till these are all grossly distorted, useless and very painful, and the helpless victim finishes as a cripple in a wheelchair.

Rheumatoid arthritis is not just a disease of joints, but a general illness in which the patient also becomes anaemic and loses weight. It tends to run in families and is often started by some emotional shock.

For sufferers from these types of rheumatic disease, the discoveries of Dr. Philip Hench and Dr. E. Kendall at the Mayo Clinic in New York just ten years ago looked like providing the ultimate panacea—the drug cortisone. Sad to tell, however, these first hopes have not been fulfilled. Nevertheless there is, as a result of these discoveries, far more that can be done for such patients than was ever possible before.

On top of the kidneys are the suprarenal glands, each consisting of an inner medulla, as it is called, and an outer cortex. The medulla, which is much like nervous tissue, and is closely associated with part of the nervous system controlling unconscious movements, secretes the famous hormone adrenaline, the body's own pep drug.

The outer cortex, on the other hand, secretes a series of substances called steroids, which fall into three groups. The first controls the balance of mineral salts in the body. Group two controls the sugar in blood and liver and the excretion of uric acid, and stimulates lymphoid tissue to form more of the white blood cells which counteract inflammation. Group three has not yet been fully investigated.

The combined effect is to increase bodily nourishment, counteract inflammation and control pain. These steroids include cortisone and hydrocortisone.

In the skull, deep below the complex tissues of the brain, is the most important gland in the body, the pituitary, which is controlled by part of the nervous system, and itself controls all the other ductless glands, including the suprarenals.

Adrenocorticotrophic hormone, or ACTH, formed in the pituitary, controls the secretion of steroids by the suprarenal. So administration of ACTH to a patient makes his suprarenals form more cortisone, and produces the same effects as giving cortisone itself.

These substances also control allergic disease, and increase the natural antidote to infection. On the other hand, inflammation is often beneficial because it limits infection to a small area. As cortisone has a strong anti-inflammatory action, an acute infection, instead of being confined to, say, a tonsil, can spread and cause septicaemia. So cortisone is absolutely barred in acute illness, and patients having cortisone treatment must be safeguarded from infection.

Given, however, in a chronic disease, such as rheumatoid arthritis, cortisone and ACTH produce at once a definite pattern of improvement. Within a few days, even a few hours, patients with rheumatoid arthritis found a remarkable reduction in stiffness of both muscles and joints.

Pain was lessened, first when sitting still and later with movement. Tenderness of the joints disappeared. A renewed strength appeared to return to wasted muscles, and joints thought to be locked and immobile suddenly moved.

This was all very dramatic. But although these drugs have now brought relief to millions of sufferers and will continue to do so, the truth must be faced that they are not *cures* at all.

It is now known to be highly dangerous to give cortisone or ACTH to anyone who has had mental illness, because this is then likely to recur, often in a more serious form. These drugs also interfere with the blood chemistry and may affect the output of the heart and the blood pressure.

Most important of all, in some cases cortisone and ACTH actually produce some of the symptoms of the serious Cushing's disease, which in its extreme form results in a tumour-like growth of the cells inside the pituitary gland.

The old stand-by, aspirin, has now been shown to have its effect partly by stimulation of the adrenal cortex and the production of cortisone, so that there appears to be an increasing unity in our ideas on this difficult subject.

Meantime, other advances have been made. A recent treatment for the larger joints, such as the knee, is to wash them out. The patient is given an anaesthetic, the knee is bent and the surgeon makes an incision on the inner side, opening up the joint.

Bleeding is prevented by applying a tourniquet to the thigh, and the inside of the joint is then thoroughly irrigated with a mild hypochlorite solution, flushing away inflammatory debris and giving a new lease of life to the cartilages and bony surfaces. The patient is encouraged to move the joint freely, and is delighted to find that she can now do so without pain. Often the improvement is permanent.

Another new line of treatment is to use hydrocortisone, by direct injection

"You're always wondering what I do all day, so today I didn't do it"

into a rheumatic joint, instead of giving it by mouth. The best results are obtained in arthritis of the knee. About one-third of patients get complete relief from pain and restoration of movement.

At its highest peak of efficiency, the locomotor system produces great athletes. They need perfect development of muscles, bones and joints, and perfect control of these by their nervous systems. But there is something more. Very small and very tall people seem to tire easily, while the stocky, middle-sized person can go steadily on all day.

One of the reasons for this is that the number of calories needed to provide the fuel to keep the body warm and activate the muscles is in proportion, not to a man's volume, but to his surface area, because it is from this surface that the heat produced is dissipated. If a man's height is x, his weight may be proportional to x^3, but the food he needs is only proportional to x^2.

Therefore, bigger people should be more efficient machines. Much of their extra size can consist of larger and more effective muscles, without their having to consume disproportionate amounts of food.

There is an optimum size, at which just enough food is normally taken to get the maximum energy. For men, this is a height of about five feet eight inches, and a weight around ten or eleven stone.

Even a highly efficient locomotor system may be thrown out of gear by some seemingly trivial accident. One boy, a fat lad of twelve who was growing very fast, fell off a tree, but seemed to have escaped with a few bruises. However, after a while his parents noticed that he had developed a limp.

Bone out of joint

An X-ray showed that no bones were broken, but he had a slipped epiphysis—the knob at the end of the bone where growth takes place. Normally, this is very firmly attached, even though the attachment is by cartilage, but fat children growing rapidly easily displace it, leading to a short leg and a permanent limp.

It is fairly easy under an anaesthetic to get the knob back into its proper place, but keeping it there is quite a different matter. It will settle down if the hip is put in plaster for six months, but in this case it was decided to pin the epiphysis in place so that the boy would be active again more quickly.

Guided by a portable X-ray machine, the surgeon drilled a hole through the top of the thigh bone, got the two parts in line, and inserted a non-corroding nail. In a few weeks the boy was able to walk about, and in a couple of months he was caught climbing trees again.

In another case a two-year-old girl was noticed to be slow in learning to walk and to have a very curious gait. At every step one of her shoulders dipped down. X-ray confirmed the fact that her hip had been dislocated at birth or before.

Under an anaesthetic the child's contracted thigh muscles were gently stretched. Then the thigh was manipulated until the bone was back in its socket. This required great gentleness and skill to avoid damage to the soft baby bones.

Once it was back, the bone had to be kept there, and the child's waist and thighs had to be kept in plaster of paris for six months. It was another year before the joint was as good as the other but now she runs about and plays with the best.

The ideal time to correct this deformity is at the age of three months, because then it can be put right before the infant begins to walk at all. Unfortunately, it is seldom spotted in such young babies. It takes an eagle eye to notice that one leg kicks less than the other or moves aside with less ease when nappies are being put on.

In ordinary life our joints have to stand up to a great deal of wear and tear. In many sports they get even rougher usage. One rugby player fell awkwardly during a game, and found his left knee painful and useless.

The trainer dashed on to the field, felt it expertly, gave it a twist and a tug, and the player was then able to hobble off the field. Later, to a cascade of clapping, he returned with his knee well bandaged.

But in the next match his knee went out again. Once more it was possible to get it back, but he had had enough, and went to a doctor. The knee, he said, locked in a bent position and he could do nothing with it until it was unlocked. On the second occasion the knee had swollen and the doctor found there was some fluid in the joint.

A joint locks in this way if there is some loose object in it which can get stuck between the opposing bones—in this case a torn-off piece of cartilage.

In hospital the joint was opened and the cartilage removed. The player had some massage and exercises afterwards and was out of the team for a couple of months, but he celebrated his return with three tries, using a knee as good as new.

Good joints are little use unless they have good muscles to work them. Soon after her marriage at the age of twenty-five, one woman was asked by her husband: "What's the matter with your eyes. You look half-asleep." Her lids dropped and she could not open her eyes properly.

Before long she had other troubles: a slight squint, which made her see double on looking in one direction, a drawling voice, and difficulty in chewing her food. "I always feel so tired, I just can't do a thing," she yawned when she went to see a doctor.

"I think I know what's the matter with you," he said. He filled a syringe with a solution of prostigmin and gave her an injection. In ten minutes her eyes were fully open, her expression had returned. She literally skipped with joy and cried: "It's a miracle! Am I all right now?"

Her disease, myasthenia gravis, is a very curious one. There is a blockage at the point where impulses from nerves activate muscles, and the messages cannot get through. A chemical in the blood, thought to come from the thymus gland, inactivates the junction. The effect is similar to poisoning by curare, the arrow poison, which also works on neuro-muscular junctions. And the antidote to curare poisoning, prostigmin, is the antidote to myasthenia gravis. Unfortunately, it only works while the drug is present.

At the doctor's suggestion, she underwent an operation for removal of the thymus gland. This is a small gland behind the breastbone. What it is for nobody quite knows, but after its removal the woman was quite well and needed no more pills. She was one of the lucky sixty per cent of patients—for it does not always work.

There was one young man whose muscles, instead of being flabby, contracted all too well. When he shook the doctor's hand he could not let go for some minutes.

He grinned, and the grin stuck. His facial muscles would not relax. He confided to his doctor that he was quite free from these spasms if he got drunk.

Fortunately, this rather rare hereditary disease, called myotonia congenita, has now been found to yield to quinine. One quinine injection restored him to normal for the rest of the day. By taking ten grains of quinine twice a day he can keep quite well, except for a slight buzzing in his ears.

Great advances in the treatment of these diseases have been made in recent years. Now, at Manchester University, Professor Kellgren has organized a team of research workers to make what he believes will be the final attack on their mysteries.

His research investigators in large industrial towns in the Midlands are collecting statistics among sufferers from rheumatic diseases of all kinds.

Anatomists and pathologists are looking closer into the actual structure of the pathological tissues—in one department they even have an electron microscope viewing the molecular make-up of the tell-tale collagen fibres.

Ultimately, Kellgren thinks, the secret of rheumatism will be found in the secret of these fibres. The final answer, the real one this time, cannot be far away now. THE END

Look ahead with PERCY THROWER

Make your garden pay—with FRUIT

You don't need acres of land to start your own profitable orchard

BIG news for apple-growers this autumn is the introduction of two dessert varieties: Scarlet Pimpernel, an early August apple which I predict will supersede both Irish Peach and Beauty of Bath in popularity, and Scarlet Ellison, a September-October apple.

However, the idea of growing apples—or any other fruit for that matter—seems to make many gardeners hesitate. While agreeing that fruit from one's own garden is by far the best, and that the trees and bushes make effective screens, or backgrounds for flowers, they ask: Is it really worth it?

My answer is a definite yes—and that this is the time of year for planting and planning.

Apples for a small garden ought, I suggest, to be of Malling Type IX, which is a dwarfing stock.

Cordons save space

If, as often happens, space is a consideration, why not try single-stem, cordon-trained trees? They can go in only three feet apart, and fruit-bearing branches appear along their entire lengths.

Fix a strong wooden or iron upright at the end of each row to take four or five horizontal wires, the top one not more than seven feet above the ground, and train each stem across the wires at an angle of forty-five degrees.

The choice of varieties is important; some types need another flowering nearby for pollination purposes. Cox's Orange Pippin, possibly Britain's favourite apple, will not set its fruit when pollinated with its own pollen. It is best planted with Worcester Pearmain or James Grieve.

Out of the very great number of good varieties available, I recommend Ribston Pippin or Laxton's Superb for dessert, and Bramley's Seedling, Newton Wonder or Grenadier for cooking.

I think Doyenné du Comice the finest pear of all, though it needs a variety such as Winter Nelis nearby for pollination. If only one pear tree is being planted, Conference is ideal.

Peaches, too, can be grown with success by the ordinary gardener. A south or south-west facing wall is just the place for a peach tree, which will fruit quite well out of doors except perhaps in the extreme north. A wise plan is to buy one which the nursery has fan-trained. Peregrine is a delicious variety, suitable for most districts and ready in August; the yellow-flushed Rochester comes later.

An extremely interesting and hard-working newcomer in soft fruits, introduced this year, is Hampshire Maid, a perpetual fruiting strawberry. It starts at the end of May or beginning of June and goes on right until the frosts.

Climbing strawberries, growing up to about six feet high, are also prolific, and a couple of plants will provide enough for a meal two or three times a week long after other strawberries are over.

One row of raspberries, ten yards long, or two rows of five yards each, will provide plenty for the average household during July and into August.

The secret with raspberries is to be ruthless; cut them down to within nine inches of the ground in March. Then, during the summer, young canes will grow and bear fruit the following year.

Five or six blackcurrant bushes are sufficient for the needs of most homes, and these, too, must be cut to within nine inches of the ground in their first March.

I suggest having six or eight gooseberry bushes, according to the space available, but do not cut them back after planting. Each must be trained to form a bush on a clear stem or "leg" six to nine inches above the soil.

AT-A-GLANCE GUIDE TO PLANTING

Type	Variety	When to plant	Spacing	Between rows
Blackcurrants	Baldwin ... ... Boskoop Giant	November-March	5 ft.	5 ft.
Gooseberries	Careless (large white) ... Leveller (early yellow) ... Lancashire Lad (large red)	November-February	4 ft.	4 ft.
Raspberries	Malling Promise ... ... Norfolk Giant	November-March	18 in.-2 ft.	5 ft.
Strawberries	Royal Sovereign ... ... Talisman ... ... Hampshire Maid (perpetual fruiting)	August-October March-April	18 in.	2 ft.

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The last home at Kinyarra

continued from page 22

cloth-headed housing superintendents.

Coombs signalled the driver to stop. "This is the spot," he said.

They piled out of the truck. The engineers started to stamp knowledgeably at the edges of the pitted track. Murray joined them, even stamping once or twice himself. The road felt reasonably hard, except at the very edge. Something almost like optimism trickled into his veins.

"Seems firm enough for the moment, Mr. Jansen," he said.

Dave Jansen stared at him. Finally he spoke. "Tell him, Mr. Coombs."

"It's this bank the road is built on," Coombs began patiently. "Just dirt. It looks like part of the rock formation now, but it isn't. It was piled there to build the road on." He indicated a cavernous pothole with his toe. "Right through the metal," he went on. "Never meant for heavy traffic like we've put over it."

Murray looked obediently into the pothole, where the seeping water had loosened the packed earth. He knew the road had never been repaired. The experts had said it would last.

"Another thing," Coombs went on laconically. "Look." With his thumb he indicated the river.

Only two days before the river had been well clear of the bank. Now, the floodwater had surged down the valley, battered at the massive dam and swirled back, defeated, to vent its force on a more yielding target. Brown and flecked with grey foam, it eddied and sucked at the protecting bank, softening it, undermining the road itself. Little landslides had narrowed it to little more than the width of a truck.

"Give her a few hours, that's all," said Coombs in final judgment.

The truck had gone into Kinyarra to turn, and now it came back. In silence, they all climbed in. Jansen and Coombs talked together in low tones as they drove up the hill, but nobody else spoke. Murray sat on the very edge of the seat, feeling like a leper. The truck ground its way in low gear back to the group of Nissen huts, and Jansen led the way into his office in grim silence.

"Mr. Coombs says the road will last out the day," he announced, his voice flinty. "Mister Crawford," he went on —there was heavy emphasis on the "Mister" this time, and Murray winced —"you will take a staff car and go to the city and get a court order to evict McLeay. You will see that the order is served at once and that McLeay and his belongings are out of the valley before dark."

"Today is Saturday," Coombs said. "You'll get no court order today."

"Then throw him out without one," said Jansen.

"You can't do that——" Murray began miserably.

JANSEN rounded on him. "Get—McLeay—out," he said, with dreadful emphasis. "Do anything you like. If McLeay is still in Kinyarra this evening, you are finished. Clear?"

There stirred in Murray's mind a faint apology for an idea, born of sheer desperation.

"I have your authority?" he asked hesitantly. "To do anything?"

"Anything," thundered Jansen. "Now, get out and get McLeay out."

Murray fled. Back in his own office he collapsed into his chair. He sat for five minutes and thought about what it would be like to be fired, and about old Charlie McLeay. And most of all he thought about Lynne.

Then, quite coolly, he reached for the telephone and issued orders.

An hour later, a convoy of trucks was picking its way along the road beside the little landslides. Murray drove ahead in his car, anxiously rehearsing what he was going to say. Outside the gate of Charlie McLeay's neat little garden he stopped and slowly climbed out. Then he walked up the path and knocked firmly on the door.

It took twenty minutes. Then Murray came out and nodded briefly to the leader of the gang, and the big covered truck was backed up. The old man stayed indoors, packing his few personal treasures while his old-fashioned furniture was carefully loaded. In less than an hour, the house was bare. . . .

"So you threw him out after all."

Murray turned, startled. Engrossed in the moving, he had not heard Lynne arrive, and now the bitterness in her voice jarred him. She stood beside him, her face flushed and with that dangerous glint in her big grey eyes. She looked very slight and very formidable.

"All that mealy talk yesterday," she said, and there was a cutting edge to her voice. "Tell me, was the court order in your pocket all the time? You must have laughed all the way home."

"Look, Miss McLeay, you don't understand——"

"Oh, I understand all right. Your duty. For the dam. So important, remember?" Charlie McLeay came out of the house, and she took a few steps towards him, arms outstretched. "What are they doing, Uncle?" she asked.

BOYS—2

A growing boy has a wolf in his belly.

German Proverb

"Hallo, my dear." He kissed her absently on the forehead. "You didn't tell me you knew Mr. Crawford."

"I know of him," Lynne answered, looking at Murray as if he had just crawled out of a salad.

"A fine man, a fine man," McLeay bumbled on. "But you shouldn't have told him about your aunt's hair in the foundations, y'know." She looked at him blankly, and he smiled. "Didn't he tell you what they're doing?"

"No—what?" she asked weakly.

"About the foundations? About tearing them up and mixing them into the concrete for the new house?"

"No." She said it very slowly, very thoughtfully. "No. He didn't tell me that. That makes all the difference, doesn't it?" she asked.

"Of course." The old man was quite excited. "They tell me they'll have this place demolished and the concrete crushed up and mixed and ready to pour again by tomorrow. When I think how long it took me. . . ." He broke off. "Everything's loaded now, I think. I'm going on the truck."

He pottered off happily, and Lynne watched in silence as he climbed aboard. As it drove away, the demolition crew moved in towards the house.

Murray was standing beside her, and suddenly she turned. "I'm sorry," she said. "I feel an awful fool."

"We try to oblige our clients," Murray replied airily.

"I said some horrible things——" she began but he cut her short.

"You owe me an apology," he said. "Now you can hardly refuse if I offer you a lift home."

"But I've got my scooter——"

"Oh, yes, the scooter. I'm afraid I owe you an apology. I thought it was your uncle's and it was put on the furniture truck."

"Oh!"

He led the way to his car, and she followed meekly.

As they drove off up the bumpy road towards New Kinyarra, a crescendo of pneumatic drills shattered the quiet valley.

Lynne turned to him.

"You're a fast worker, Mr. Crawford," she said.

"I try to be. Doesn't always work, you know."

She leaned back dreamily. "Seems to be working this time."

"You mean, the house?"

"Of course," she replied gravely, but her eyes were dancing. "What else?"

THE END

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"Help!"

The Northern Light

continued from page 14

bought at . . . something like one hundred and four, wasn't it?"

"I believe that was the figure."

"And now it's down to below sixty-five . . . sixty-three and one half, to be exact. And I believe it will go lower. Why didn't you sell when I told you?"

"Because, as a good citizen, I considered it my duty to hold."

Holden gave Page an odd glance. As Henry was about to protest he went on. "Anyhow, you've lost more than thirty-nine thousand pounds of your capital, and at the rate your debit balance is growing, in another seven or eight weeks your collateral won't cover it."

"I'm perfectly aware of that," Henry said. "That's why I'm here to arrange a loan."

Holden took up the ebony ruler from his blotting pad and began to turn it between his fingers. There was an appreciable silence, then, not looking at Henry, he said: "I'm sorry, Mr. Page. I'd like more than anything to help you. But it just can't be done."

Henry was shocked. He had never for a moment anticipated a refusal.

"But why?" he exclaimed. "You know me . . . the *Light* . . . there's our name . . . we have assets. You've had our account all those years. . . ."

"I know, I know . . . it's hard to turn you down. But money is extremely tight these days. The government just doesn't want us to make any loans."

"But this is a local, almost a personal, matter," Henry protested. "At least let us discuss it."

"It would be pointless." Holden looked at Henry apologetically. "I haven't the authority to commit the bank. You would have to put it up to my directors." He paused, inspecting the ruler again. "Why don't you go along and see the chairman?"

"Wellsby?"

"Yes. You know him pretty well. He'll be at the factory now. Shall I give him a ring . . . ?"

TWENTY minutes later he reached Wellsby's office. The boot manufacturer was standing at the big plate-glass window chuckling to himself and choking over his cigar.

"Come here, Page, and take a look at this."

Outside, holding up the traffic and moving slowly round the square, was a long line of women pushing perambulators, go-carts, every variety of vehicle capable of containing an infant, the procession headed by a blaring sound truck with a double banner:

GRAND PERAMBULATOR PARADE
BONNIEST BABY COMPETITION
TODAY
IN THE TOWN HALL
READ THE DAILY CHRONICLE

"Not bad, eh?"

Page forced a smile.

"Enterprising, no doubt. Not particularly dignified."

"Why, hang it all, man, what's wrong with it? It's a damn smart selling idea. Get hold of the mothers. They're only trying to push their product, the way I do mine." Turning from the window, Wellsby sank into his revolving chair and, with an effort, crossed his short legs. "Well, what can I do for you?"

Henry came to the point, briefly and with all the persuasive force he could command. Yet while he spoke he sensed that Wellsby had already been advised of the purpose of his visit and, in fact, knew almost as much of his affairs as he did himself. Beneath that open geniality of manner his deep-set eyes were examining and alert.

When Page finished, Wellsby removed his cigar and slanted his gaze towards the glowing end.

"You're on a sticky wicket, Henry. You've listed your assets. But suppose you go under . . . what are they worth? Your offices are out of date; all that old Adam terrace ought to be pulled down, you couldn't raise a stiver on it. Your printing premises have some value, I admit, but that's the Harbottle property, you only rent it. So nothing

BOYS—3

Doing really nothing at all is almost never accomplished except by a boy in school on a spring day.

Booth Tarkington

much doing there. As for your goodwill, who would give a brass farthing for it if the *Chronicle* puts you out of business?"

"They won't."

"So you say. But how have you made out so far? These fellows are on the ball." His voice became conciliatory. "Don't cut your own throat, Henry. Why don't you give up while there's time? Be wise. Sell now while you can. If you wish I'll take a hand and see you still get your price."

"No. My mind is made up."

Wellsby removed his cigar, curling a loose, moist leaf with his forefinger. "I always took you for a clever man, Henry. Now I think you're a damn fool, but at least you have guts. Let me say, off the record, that I admire you."

"Then let me have the loan. Twenty thousand pounds. From the beginning of next month."

"No, no. I can't promise. I may talk it over with Holden and the others. We'll let you know."

"When?"

"Later . . . later."

Wellsby got up from his chair, made a vague gesture with his hand, indefinitely waving Henry away. The hope which Henry had begun to entertain died coldly. He saw refusal in Wellsby's eyes, an impression confirmed by the excessive cordiality with which the other patted him on the shoulder, squeezed his elbow, inquired solicitously after Alice, and showed him to the door.

Useless to deny that this rebuff had set a heavy oppression on Page. At the same time, by some strange counterbalance of the spirit, his mind became more determinedly active in seeking ways of carrying on the struggle. He would go on, on, on. Even if the bank would not advance on the *Light* offices, the Hedleston Building Society must surely offer something on the freehold. But, as this would take time, he must first of all ask Alice to raise a mortgage on the house.

It was something he shrank from, but he would do it. The more opposition he met, the more there persisted in him the extraordinary faith that he would win.

God knows he had need of it. He had not been back in his room five minutes before Maitland came in.

"It appears," he said, "we'll be one short for the conference today. Balmer has gone."

"Gone?"

Henry stared blankly at the envelope Maitland threw on the desk. Yet he should not have been surprised. Balmer had been increasingly difficult lately.

"But . . . he must give a month's notice."

"Not likely . . . when he's walking straight into another job."

"Not . . . with the *Chronicle*?"

"That's about it." Maitland paused. "I suppose he hadn't the gall to tell you, so he's written you a nice, polite letter of regret." As Page remained silent he went on: "I'm afraid there's another spot of bad news, Henry. Two of the compositors, Perkins and Dodds, have gone over as well."

Henry bit his lip hard, trying to keep a grip on himself. If there was one thing he had counted on, it was the loyalty of his workpeople.

Even at the best of times the *Light* was not overstaffed and good men were difficult to find.

"We'll need to get on to the exchanges straight away," he said at last.

Maitland moved towards the door. "I'll send an SOS to Tynecastle."

"Try Liverpool and Manchester, too."

He nodded. "We'll worry through. See you later."

All that day they struggled for replacements and by good fortune secured a typesetter from Liverpool with the promise of another from Tynecastle at the beginning of next week. As for Balmer's work, he himself would have to take care of that for the next few weeks. But that could be only a makeshift arrangement.

HENRY decided the time had come to call on his son. He had no other choice. David must leave Sleedon, temporarily at least, and fill the breach.

At five o'clock Henry cut short his work and set off for Sleedon. The events of the morning had given him a bad headache which had persisted all afternoon, but now the refreshing cool of the sea marshes brought him some relief.

Since he had given no notice of his visit Cora was not at the gate to meet him. The cottage had, indeed, an air of unusual quiet. Then he saw her, seated at the window, bent over some work. At the sound of his approach she raised her head and her face brightened with pleased surprise. She started up and the next instant was at the door.

Now, more than ever, it did Henry good to see her. For the first time in many days he felt a lifting of his spirits.

"Where's David?" he asked, beginning to take off his overcoat.

He expected her to say that he was working. Instead she looked at him and hesitated.

"He's gone to Scarborough—left this morning to see Doctor Evans."

This news was so unexpected that Henry drew up in the narrow little hall.

"Is he not so well?"

"No. At least, he is pretty well. But he's been worrying a bit lately."

"About what?"

"Himself. Just worrying and worrying."

"That he won't stay well?" Henry asked. "I mean, that he'll have a relapse?"

"That's part of it." She spoke slowly, and with difficulty, yet as though it eased her to unburden herself. "It came on quite gradual like, about two weeks ago. First he lost interest in his book. Then he began to tell me at a bad time he'd had before we I tried to get his mind off it, bu ent on— 'if ever I got that way Cora'— that sort of thing.

"Then last Monday aid he must see the doctor. He uldn't let me tell you. He wouldn't e 1 let me go with him. I wanted to . . . but he wouldn't. He must do things himself, he said, and not depend on other people, or he'll never get over it."

FOR a few seconds Henry paused. He was trying to adjust himself to this reversal of his hopes. He had come for help, only to find that he must give it. Then he saw that Cora's eyes were bright with tears and at once suspected that something had gone wrong between David and her, something more than she had revealed in that brief and halting explanation.

Abruptly he took her arm. "Come on. We'll have a walk. A breath of air will do us good."

They took their usual walk along the pier, and although scarcely a word passed between them it helped them both. As they came back to the cottage she gave him a direct look in which there was both affection and gratitude.

"It's not fair on you, it isn't," she said. "You have enough troubles of your own."

"I can stand them." He stopped at the door and made a show of looking at his watch. "Well . . . I suppose I'll be off now."

"No, you shan't, or I'll never forgive myself." She spoke firmly. "You'll come in and have a bite to eat."

She would take no refusal—indeed, Henry's protestations were far from emphatic. He did not wish to leave so early and her offer of food made him realize his need of it.

INSIDE the hall, she shut the door with decision, as though to exclude all possibility of his departure.

"You take a seat in the room while I make things ready."

"No, I'll sit in the kitchen where I can watch you."

This was a pleasure which relieved in part the depression occasioned by the bad news of his son. Her movements, competent and graceful, were infinitely soothing to the eye. The tension under which he had been labouring for weeks was relaxed by some mysterious force emanating from her. And suddenly, out of all reason, he heard himself say:

"Cora . . . you make me feel young again."

"Good gracious." She smiled back at him. "You're not old. Nothing like it. I never think of you that way."

Later, when he had eaten the meal she put before him, she rose and put a light to the driftwood in the fireplace.

"It turns cold these March evenings," she said. "I love a fire. It's cosy. The smell of it, too. When I think of all the little rooms I been in . . . with only a rusty gas ring. David don't care for it, though. At least he makes himself do without. It's all part of this new idea of his."

"What idea?"

She was silent, her eyes lowered, for a long time, then hesitantly, as if forcing herself to speak, she said: "It's

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The Northern Light

continued from previous page

something that's come over him. Trying to, what he calls, abstain. I wish he wouldn't. Surely we're not meant to deny ourselves everything. If only he'd give way a little and take life sort of natural . . . it's not good for any of us to go against nature . . . not for him, nor for me neither." She broke off, giving Henry a quick, troubled look, as though she'd said too much.

He saw, of course, what she had unconsciously implied and it caused him a strange, sharp pang. Hitherto he had thought only of this marriage in terms of its benefit to his son. But now he thought of Cora, and suddenly he said:

"Are you happy, Cora?"

"Yes," she answered, slowly. "At least if David is. I do my best for him. But sometimes he doesn't act is if he really wanted me. . . ."

"It's just his way. I'm sure he cares for you."

"I hope so," she said.

Again there was a pause, then with a nervous gesture, as if throwing off her thoughts, she bent and stirred the fire.

A silence fell. For years now Page had lived without real affection in his home. Dorothy, in her adolescent egoism, her bounce and bumptiousness, her hard, brittle outlook, cared little for him. With all the flippant heartlessness of the new generation, she ignored him, or was prepared to tolerate him—so long as he continued unprotestingly to subsidize her attendance at the art school.

With Alice, too, the pattern seemed set, unalterable, unutterably stale. Page had always despised the man who professed himself misunderstood and unappreciated by his wife. Conscious of his own shortcomings, he had done his best to keep his relationship with Alice on an even and amiable footing. Yet now, for some reason, in a moment of illumination, he realized how starved and sterile his marriage had been, compelling him to live for years in an absolutely false situation.

For her the marriage act had become, if not an ordeal, at least what she would have called "a great nuisance." Yet while her desire for him diminished, her possessiveness had increased. How often had he been subject to those alternating moods of self-pity and childish pique, the giddy ideas, short-lived enthusiasms, and terrifying lack of logic, the passionate preoccupation with trifles and total absence of interest in his work, the bursts of unreasonable temper that strained her nerves and his.

How different, he thought, was this big, quiet girl, so placid, but with such capacity for feeling, seated there, gazing into the fire, her eyes troubled, yet her hands at peace. She offered affection freely, seemed to ask it for herself. In her responsive stillness there was sympathy and understanding.

Under the bitter pressure of his struggle for survival there had lately come upon Henry an almost painful desire to be understood. He recognized it as a softness, a weakness in his character, yet he could not repress it—a longing for tenderness, given and received. In Cora one could find just such a compensation, something rare and precious, something he had deeply missed.

At last, Page felt that he must be off. She came with him to the car and suddenly she murmured: "Must you really go?"

"It's getting on," he said.

Sudden agitation seemed all at once to have come upon her. She shivered. Her hand, still holding his, was soft and cold.

"Are you all right?" Henry asked her. "Your fingers are like ice."

She let out a choked, uncertain little laugh.

"Sign of a warm heart, they say. What a night! It's a shame to be in. Couldn't we go along the beach for a bit?"

He shook his head. "It really is late, Cora, dear . . . not far off ten. I'm afraid I have to get back. We'll go another day."

"Will we?"

"Cheer up, now. Everything's going to be all right . . . for you and David . . . all of us."

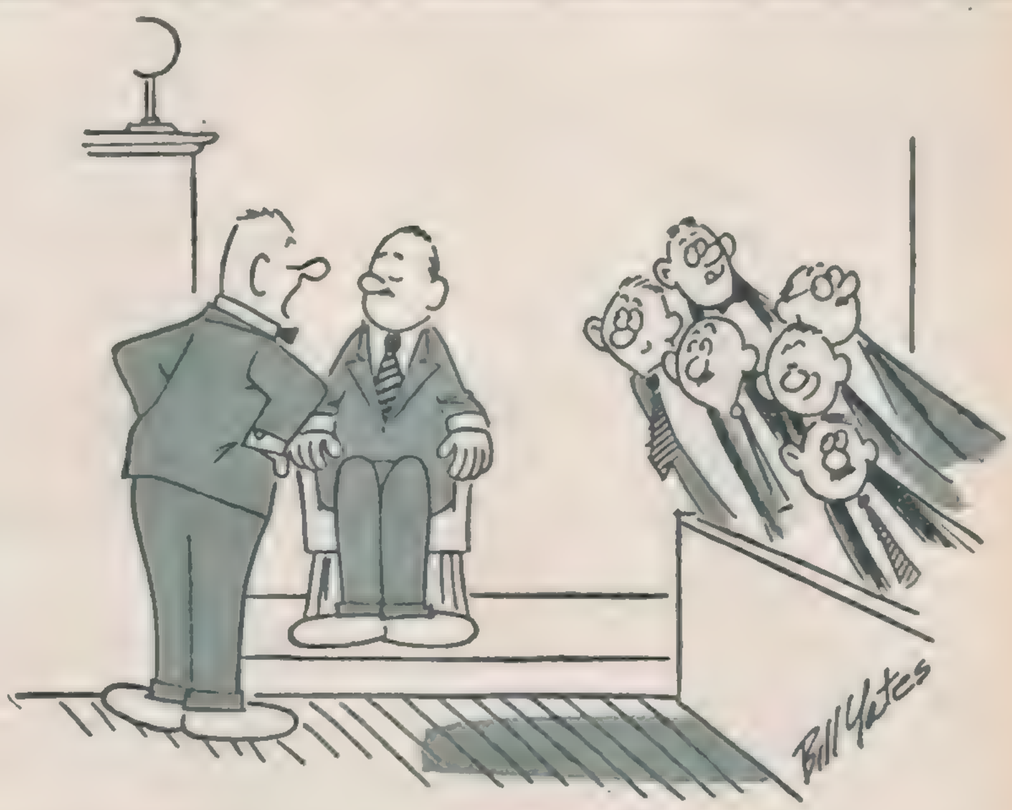
Had she heard him? She did not answer. She took his hand, which was still in hers, and pressed it against her side. Then she said: "Come back soon . . . please."

It went straight to his heart. He gently kissed her hair.

Standing motionless, she watched him as he started the car and moved off. . . .

All that evening Mrs. Page had been sitting in the library at Hanley Drive, unable to dispel the tedium of solitude. It was Hannah's night off, Dorothy had a cold and had gone to bed early, and Catharine Bard, the doctor's wife, whom she had asked round after supper for coffee, had at the last minute been unable to come, offering the suspiciously feeble excuse that her aunt had unexpectedly arrived from Tynecastle.

Alice was a person who enjoyed company and never found it pleasant to be left alone. Under the circumstances her mood was not particularly propitious—and in default of somebody better, she kept wishing that Henry would come in. Where, she asked herself, was he? His movements had been most erratic lately. He was not at the office when she called up just after seven. Occasionally, on the servant's day out, he



"And now, in your own words, will you tell the court how you were able to avoid paying income tax for seventeen years?"

had his evening meal at the club, but at eight o'clock, when she telephoned the porter, he was not there either.

Only one possibility, or perhaps she should have said certainty, remained—Sleedon. He must be there again. Really, it was too bad, the way he neglected her to rush out to the cottage at every possible opportunity.

Trying to settle her mind, she set out a game of patience. But again it was no use, the disappointments of the evening had been too upsetting. Compelled by a growing sense of self-pity Alice was on the verge of tears when she heard the front door open. She had barely time to compose herself before Henry came in.

"You're still up?" he said, as though surprised. "Is Dorothy in?"

"She went to bed long ago." Alice glanced meaningly at the clock on the mantelpiece, which showed quarter past ten, adding, with imposed restraint, "I was beginning to worry about you."

"Didn't they tell you from the office?" He sat down with a tired air. "I've been to Sleedon."

"Indeed." That one word seemed sufficient—she said nothing more.

"David wasn't there. He'd gone to see Doctor Evans . . . I don't think it's too serious, though. I'll ring Scarborough in the morning. But Cora was rather down, poor girl, so I stayed with her for a bit."

Alice took a few quick stitches, doing them all wrong. So that was how he'd spent the last five hours! She tried to keep her voice calm.

"Surely you were there rather a long time."

"Yes, I suppose I was. We took a walk on the pier, then she insisted on making supper. . . . Alice, dear . . . there's something I have to talk to you about . . . a matter of business that's on my mind. It's late, but will you bear with me if I do so now?"

"What is it?" she asked instinctively, forgetting Cora for the moment.

"You know"—he hesitated—"that when I bought the house, I put it in your name. I wanted you to have something. Now . . . I'm afraid I need your help. I've put it off as long as I could. I'd rather do anything than ask you . . . but you realize what I'm up against. I must have ready money. And if you sign this document I can raise a substantial sum on mortgage."

Still looking at her, he took a paper from his inside pocket and smoothed it on his knee. For a full minute Alice was speechless. Then such a rush of indignation came over her she could scarcely stand it.

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself?" she said. "Even to mention such a thing. . . ."

He had his head bent, supporting it with his hand. "Yes . . . I suppose I am. I feel very badly about it."

"And well you might. Whatever I've thought of you I never believed you would give a thing and then ask for it back."

"But surely you appreciate the position I'm in."

"I should think I do! For months past, you've been bringing us to rack and ruin . . . after refusing a marvellous offer that would have taken us out of this dreary hole for good. And now, when you're just about finished and bankrupt, you're not content. You want to take the very roof from over our heads and land us in the street."

"I thought, as my wife, you would see it differently."

"As your wife! Do you treat me as your wife, except when you want something from me? All evening long I've sat here alone while you spent hours on end with that Cora creature in Sleedon."

He straightened up. "What on earth are you talking about?"

"Don't pretend you don't know. I've seen her looking at you with those big eyes of hers, pressing your hand when you've given her something, yes, mooning over you as though you were the most wonderful man in the world."

He looked startled, but said quickly: "That's nonsense, Alice. But why shouldn't she be fond of me . . . and I of her? She's our daughter-in-law."

"Then you don't deny it?"

"I don't want to deny it. I am terribly fond of Cora."

"In other words, you love her."

"If you put it that way, yes. After all, she's one of the family."

"What an excuse!" She could scarcely breathe, but she had to go on. "A child could see through it. . . . I know how a man gets at your age. . . ."

"How can you say such a thing!" He flushed deeply. "After the children, when you wanted your own room, I gave myself body and soul to the paper. I've never even looked at another woman. What you suggest is unthinkable. . . ."

HENRY'S wife began to shake. "Not for Cora, it isn't." The words came faster and faster. "You may say I'm prejudiced, I've never liked her, but there's something about her . . . she's a common woman and I'm not sure if she's a good one. She's got too much sex. . . . I can tell, for you know how I hate that sort of thing. She'd take any man if she wanted him. If I'm not mistaken, she'd rather have you than David. And I don't doubt that in your heart you'd rather her than me."

Henry's mouth opened in a shocked fashion, then shut again. It frightened Alice to see how badly she had hurt him. His face was so white, as if this were something he'd never even thought of before, but which now he'd never get out of his head, that suddenly she couldn't stand it any longer. She wanted to scream, knew she was going to have one of her "turns," and wanted to have it. Her eyelids began to quiver and her cheek to twitch. She felt herself go stiff, and before she could get up, her heels were drumming on the floor.

Hurriedly, Henry crossed the room and bent over her. "Don't, Alice, please . . . you'll wake Dorothy."

"Oh . . . Henry . . . Henry. . . ."

"Be calm, Alice . . . you know how these attacks distress you."

At the sight of his pale, worried face so close to her a change of feeling came over Alice, a reversal so characteristic and complete that she flung her arms round his neck.

"I don't care. I deserve it. I'm a jealous, thoughtless woman. . . . Forgive me, Henry. I'll do anything for you . . . I'll sign the paper. I want to."

"In the morning, Alice. You're too . . . too tired now."

Her hair had come unloosed; another paroxysm seemed imminent, but fortunately, Hannah had returned. Without the slightest fuss, she helped Henry to restore Alice to a state of calm.

"There now, Mrs. Page," she said finally. "Just lie still awhile, then you can get up to your bed."

"Thank you, Hannah. You're very good to me," Alice murmured. "You're all good to me."

EVERYTHING was changed now. She smiled up at Henry. In the soft glow of reaction she wanted with all her heart to do what he wished, to obey him in everything. She rested on the couch for some minutes, then, while Hannah went to the kitchen and heated some milk, he assisted her upstairs. When the milk was brought she was in bed. Then, after Hannah had gone, she said, in a low voice: "The paper, Henry."

Without speaking, he produced the paper and uncapped his fountain pen. Lying sideways on the pillows, Alice signed her name.

"There, Henry. You see what I do for you? Good night, dear, and God bless you."

When he switched off the light and left the room she closed her eyes. She felt peaceful and relieved, purified too, knowing she had done her duty. . . .

Some weeks later, just after ten o'clock on June 21, a date which was to become important, Leonard Nye entered the executive offices of the

BOYS—4

A boy becomes a man when he walks round a puddle instead of through it.

Plato

My Notebook

by a VETERINARY SURGEON

Ears can be a sore point with your pet rabbit. Examine them regularly and you'll keep your bunny happy

THE ears are one of the most sensitive parts of your pet. I am always being asked to cure some ear trouble or another—and the sad thing is that most of them could be avoided with early attention.

As might be expected with their long ears, rabbits are particularly prone to this sort of complaint. Recently little Sally Brown brought her pet Dutch doe.

"She keeps shaking her head and scratching her ears," said Sally.

Inside the ears I found scabby patches of dark brown. Using a magnifying glass it was possible to see that the patches were caused by tiny parasites called mange-mites.

I gave young Sally some acaracidal lotion to rub on the ears and within four weeks the trouble had been cleared up.

Cats suffer from the same type of ear infestation, and can be cured just as easily.

Dogs are liable to a wide variety of ear troubles; "canker" is a popular term, but in fact doesn't mean a thing.

Town dogs, especially cocker spaniels, poodles and scotties, get ear irritation through the entry of a seed of wild or wall barley, which grows profusely in most built-up areas. The symptoms are usually sudden and often come during or immediately after a walk. The dog shakes its head, showing signs of pain and perhaps holding down the ear affected.

These symptoms may subside quite quickly, but it is advisable to have the ear examined as soon as possible; complications can follow if the seed is left.

Danger in the hair

The heavy ear flaps and feathering in dogs of the spaniel type may lead to inadequate ventilation of the ear and subsequent diseases; so does the thick growth of hair that occurs in many a poodle's ears, trapping wax and causing inflammation.

An occasional look in your pet's ears while grooming is well worth while. The inside of the ear canal should be clean and free from discharge, hair and wax—a dark reddish brown in dogs.

Medicinal liquid paraffin, or a mixture of equal parts of surgical spirit and water, used on a cotton wool swab on the little finger, is usually safe for cleaning ears. *Never* use orange sticks or anything similar without advice.

The fashionable complaint of slipped discs is not by any means confined to humans. When Max, a sleek dachshund, was brought into my surgery his owner was puzzled.

"He won't jump steps and is reluctant to walk," she said. "Also, he cries when I try to pick him up."

"When did this start?" I asked.

"Two days ago, after he had spent the afternoon playing with the children."

Max's slight pain in his back proved to be a symptom of a slipped disc or, to use the veterinary term, a "disc protrusion." Whether or not it had been caused while playing I didn't care to guess; theories as to the origins of slipped discs are many and varied.

The bulging buffers

The trouble is common in dogs. The discs of cartilage which act as buffers between the bones of the spinal column begin to age very early in the life of an animal, and one of them can suddenly bulge upwards—it doesn't actually "slip"—and press against the underside of the spinal cord or the spinal nerves.

The symptoms can vary from a stiff neck to a complete paralysis of the hindquarters or even, as happens very occasionally, paralysis of all four limbs.

Max responded to careful nursing at home and to pain-relieving injections. Then, after about ten days, I started him on twice-daily sessions, strictly timed, under an infra-red lamp and prescribed vitamin tablets. Stimulating injections, which are sometimes given to such patients were not necessary; he was his vigorous self again in a month.

Coming home from my rounds the other afternoon I found Jill, one of my neighbours' little girls, standing at the foot of a tree in her front garden and calling: "Freddy! Freddy!"

Her budgerigar had escaped. He was up there, in the branches, showing no desire to come down.

"Will he be all right?" she asked.

I thought it kinder to give a non-committal answer; budgerigars are not adapted to a free existence and are rarely able to survive for long.

"Do you know anyone else who has a budgie?" I asked.

"Yes. My aunt across the road."

"Then we'll ask if we can borrow him."

We put the aunt's bird, still in its cage, on a table near the tree together with Freddy's empty cage. Luckily, Freddy was interested in the other bird, flew down to investigate and went back into his own cage. THE END

They're Young when they're Batchelors Garden Peas

These kiddies are certainly giving father a rough time. But he doesn't mind too much—and the children are enjoying themselves enormously. It's a happy time when they're young. That's when they're nicest. And the same is true of garden peas. *They're* nicest when *they're* young . . . and they're young when they're Batchelors Garden Peas. Fresh, sweet and tender—because they're picked at the peak of their young perfection, and canned within a short matter of hours. Let your family enjoy Batchelors Garden Peas often.

BGPS 9872

The Northern Light

continued from page 41

Chronicle in the new Prudential Building. As he went along the corridor, Smith called through his open doorway.

"Is that you, Leonard?" Then, louder: "I want to see you."

Nye ignored the throbbing appeal. Smith's attempts at authority, infrequent though they had become, were best stifled at birth.

He went to his own office, a pleasant, airy room overlooking Victoria Gardens. His manner this morning, although apparently as casual as ever, revealed a certain [illegible] to the desk and flipped [illegible] through his mail, as though expecting a communication of particular importance.

One letter, in a buff envelope, marked "Office of the Borough Surveyor," he took up quickly and ripped open with his thumb. As he read it a look of satisfaction spread over his face.

"Good," he said to himself. It was just as he'd expected. He put the letter carefully in his wallet.

He had just settled himself at his desk to run through the rest of his mail, when the door swung open and Smith plunged in.

"Didn't you hear me?"

Nye said coolly. "Did you call?"

Smith eyed the other suspiciously, then looked pointedly at his wrist watch.

"You're a bit late, aren't you?"

"Well, you know I'm not an early riser. Is there anything fresh?"

"Yes, there is." He paused gloomily. "Greeley. He's coming up again."

"When?"

"Today. His train arrives Tynecastle Station at two-twenty. I'm worried, Leonard; I think it looks very bad."

GREELEY, the managing editor, Nye had to admit, was bad news at any time, a real hound dog for rooting out the worst features in a balance sheet. But there was more, and much more, in this visit, his third in six weeks—Nye knew that it meant a definite showdown.

"Why doesn't he come by plane?" Smith grieved.

"The M.E. never took a plane in his life. He's the cautious type, like you."

"Cut it out, Nye. Can't you see how serious this is for both of us? Unless we can convince him. We're not that far off the end of our allocation. And last week at head office Somerville really laid it on the line. When he had us both up in March it was bad enough. This time he gave me the works. We've got to deliver at all costs, or else."

Nye looked at Smith with barely concealed contempt.

"For God's sake, stop whining," Nye exploded. "Don't you realize yet that I'm in dead earnest? I mean to beat the living daylights out of Page. The minute I laid eyes on that noble upholder of morality and the British constitution I made up my mind to put him out of business. But I don't go howling this from the housetops."

A pause followed. Smith gazed at Nye doubtfully but said nothing, and presently he made for the door.

When he had gone Nye pushed the papers aside and settled down to further serious reflection. Although he had trained himself to remain casual and relaxed under all circumstances, this did not prevent him, when the occasion arose, from concentrating his thoughts with a kind of sardonic intensity. From the outset he had known that all the drive and initiative must come from him—Smith might control the financial side, but beyond that, he would contribute nothing.

Nye's promotion and publicity, viewed in retrospect, had been first-rate. He had launched the *Chronicle* with a bang and, working strenuously both editorially and as a feature writer, had, in his own phrase, stirred things up in this half-dead town. But for some months now there had been clear indications that something more was needed if the *Chronicle* was to come out on top.

While Smith kept plugging along, hoping to wear Page down, Nye had realized that, on their side, this war of attrition could not go on for ever. All the evidence from head office—confirmed now by this sudden visit from Greeley—showed plainly that Somerville would not, or could not, stand it. Nye knew that financially Vernon was having a difficult time. Something immediate and decisive had become essential—a brilliant stroke that would knock out Page once and for all.

SO, as long ago as last March, after the first recall by Somerville, Nye had put his wits to work, and at the end of the previous month he had come on something that gave him an idea.

Going over [illegible] as he sat there, he did not see how it could fail. Now, with Greeley bearing down upon them, it was time to bring the rabbit out of the hat.

About an hour later Smith set out for Tynecastle, driven by Fred. Once he was well out of the way, Nye went to lunch. The table at the Red Lion wasn't at all bad—and they had a surprisingly good cellar. After his meal Leonard felt quite ready for what the afternoon might bring. At half past two, he went to the phone booth and called Hedleston 7034.

"Hello, is that you, Mrs. Harbottle? How are you? Good. I'm very glad to hear it. But the rheumatism . . . of course . . . well, it is a troublesome thing. Now look, my dear Mrs. Harbottle, this is to let you know that I'll almost certainly be over this afternoon, myself and two other gentlemen, to complete our little affair. Do you hear me? What? Good gracious no, it isn't a mean thing for you to do. You're more than justified.

"Now, Mrs. Harbottle, we've been over all that before when you signed that little paper for me. You remember, don't you? You can't withdraw now; that would be a very serious matter; we'd have to bring in our lawyers. And besides, it's such a wonderful opportunity. What's that? Yes, naturally, old friends are best, but not when they let you down and impose on you. For years you've been practically swindled, and you'll never get another penny from them now. So that's settled, then . . . we'll be over. Good. No, don't trouble to make tea for us. I'll come for tea with you later in the week and have some of your lovely griddle cakes . . . good . . . till this afternoon, Mrs. Harbottle."

Nye got back to the office not a minute too soon. He had barely re-established himself at his desk when Greeley and Smith arrived.

The managing editor was a man of past fifty, exceedingly tall and excessively thin, with a long, hollow, chilly face. Although the day was warm he had on a coat, which he now wriggled out of, first placing one wool-lined glove methodically in each outside pocket. He was wearing the usual dark suit and winged collar, above which his bony larynx protruded noticeably.

But he had a penetrating legal mind, having been a barrister of considerable standing before his seduction to trade by Somerville.

"You didn't find time to accompany Mr. Smith." His glance at Nye, severe, held a hint of reproof.

"Somebody has to hold the fort," Nye explained.

THE conference began with an examination of accounts and the past month's sales returns. As Greeley's skeletal fingers flicked through the piled papers, his expression lengthened, gradually taking on the appearance of a prosecuting attorney. Finally he removed his glasses and leaned back.

"This is more than discouraging. Worse than I anticipated."

"We've tightened up our production unit," Smith mumbled, "and cut the overhead. If only they'd get started on the Utley project. You know we counted on that for a big influx of new readers. But they keep postponing it. . . ."

"Never mind Utley. You are actually *losing* circulation you had already

Awkward Age

Our children are just at the awkward age,
Which is, as you probably know,
The age that begins at about one year
And lasts until twenty or so.

RICHARD ARMOUR

In short

Crazy Paving

Some people would much rather
Put down paving stone
Over a lawn than bother
To keep it properly mown,
Forgetting that however
You thrust Nature back
It wells up like a river
Through even the tiniest crack.

WILLIAM CLARKE

Wedding

Hallo, Muriel? Well?

Oh, wonderful! The bride was simply——

All in white, I suppose?

Yes. A tight-fitting bodice——

What—with a vee-neck, long sleeves and a full skirt?

Yes. And the little bridesmaids!

All in blue? I can just picture it. How about *her* mother? Very smart, of course?

Of course. Trapeze line——

No! One of those with a great big collar and buttons down the front and a little close-fitting hat?

Exactly. And her shoes——

Italian, I suppose, all very long and pointed. My word! How about *his* mother?

You'd never guess——

Don't tell me. Some vast purple arrangement in crêpe?

Yes, and a——

Not a big straw toque thing and huge, flat shoes? I won't believe it.

I'm telling you. Afterwards——

Oh, the reception. What was it like?

Very nice. Tiny sandwiches——

And little salady things, olives and gherkins?

Yes, and champagne toasts. The speeches were——

I can imagine. Where are they going?

Brittany, I think. They're——

What, flying off this morning? Isn't it lovely? Well, thanks for putting me in the picture, Muriel. I'd never imagine what was going on if it wasn't for you.

LIONEL DAVIDSON

Note From The Head

I am sorry to tell you that Doris is causing serious worry to her teachers. She claims that several film stars have fallen in love with her and have offered her leading parts, and so she thinks it is unnecessary for her to learn anything but a little beauty culture.

The other girls, although jealous, imagine that the same thing might happen to them and give her support. Any attempt to get work out of her leads to cries of: "If you've got mink, you don't need grammar."

Doris insists on doing all her money sums in dollars instead of British currency and she despises our Nature study lessons because they deal with such homely flowers as daisies instead of orchids. In art she will draw only male faces in close-up and very large automobiles; in geography she asks all the time to be taught about Hollywood; she resents any history lesson that is not on a subject that could be turned into an "epic."

I wonder whether you could gently turn her thoughts towards local boys of her own age? I am afraid I have no influence over her myself: she has been heard to refer to me as "only a bit-player."

R. G. G. PRICE

Go on –
spoil
yourself!
NEW
GIANT SIZE
SEVEN
big pieces
6D
ALSO 4D SIZE
FRY'S
CHOCOLATE CREAM
GIANT SIZE
6D

The
'GROWN UP
SAUCE' that
children love
O.K
SAUCE
FRUITY AND
APPETISING
GEORGE MASON
& COMPANY LTD
LONDON SW18
O.K
sauce 1/6-1/-
It's the fruit that tastes so good

The Northern Light

continued from page 43

gained. Which means that Page is getting it back."

Immediately Smith broke into a long apologetic explanation, prepared beforehand. Greeley let him labour on to the end. Then he said:

"Of the amount allocated for this unfortunate project, there remains a balance of less than ten thousand pounds. Pegging revenue and expenditure at their present levels, I estimate that your probable loss will absorb this in less than six weeks. What, may I inquire, will you do then?"

"We hope, naturally . . . we're so near our objective . . . we would anticipate a further appropriation."

Emphatically, Greeley shook his head. "It's a great pity for you, Smith, I know you're hard-working and conscientious, but I am afraid I cannot advise Mr. Somerville to supplement the original budget. In my view the entire enterprise will have to be written off." Looking across, he caught Nye staring, and added, in the disapproving tone he usually adopted towards him, "Perhaps Mr. Nye has a suggestion to make."

"Well," Nye said, "in point of fact, I have." He wasn't going to be put down by Greeley, but at the same time he had no wish to antagonize him. His manner was tactful and reasonable as he said: "It seems to me that you're both taking a unilateral view of the situation. Page was stronger than we expected—and in spite of a lot of first-rate promotion we've lost a packet and haven't quite swept the board. That's what you're looking at.

"Now, Mr. Greeley, while at head office you've been wringing your hands and watching us, I've been keeping my eye on the other side. And what I couldn't see I made it my business to find out. Page has been losing capital just as steadily as we have.

"Five weeks ago he went to the bank and asked for a loan. He didn't get it. He went to the chairman of the board and still didn't get it. What next? He began to strain his credit. As the bills kept piling up he mortgaged his house, put up his life insurance, sold his collection of china, borrowed a few hundred from his assistant editor, even asked some of his old employees to take a twenty per cent salary cut.

"Now, all this doesn't mean that he can't carry on a bit longer and make things painful for us. But it does show that he's ready for that one final punch that will finish him off."

GREELEY moved impatiently. "Even if there is something in what you say, this stalemate might still drag on indefinitely. And where, if I may borrow your sporting phrase, would this final punch come from?"

Nye leaned forward, speaking slowly and logically.

"The *Light* Building is owned by Page. He does not own the printing hall. This belonged to a Mr. Harbottle, a close friend of Page's father, and is now owned by Harbottle's widow. For years the hall has been let to the *Light* for a more or less nominal rent on an annual, long-standing amicable agreement—I have a photostatic copy of the lease here."

Greeley was attentive now, but suspicious—Nye was treading on his line of country. As for Smith, he was listening, mouth slightly open, as though hypnotized.

"I discovered all this more than a month ago, and I may tell you it took quite a bit of ferreting out. What did I do about it? Nothing. I didn't want to start working on Mrs. Harbottle too soon. But around the beginning of June, through that fellow Balmer, who came over to us, I got to know the old lady. I took pains to be nice to her, casually brought up the subject of the lease, showed her how she was being put upon by the low rental and, after considerable effort, brought her to the point where she is prepared to sell the hall . . . to us. Now, can you imagine what it would mean to Page, who's already in tremendous difficulties, if suddenly, without any warning, he finds he can't print his paper?"

"What nonsense are you talking?" Greeley said: "Show me your copy of the lease."

Nye produced it and waited while Greeley looked it over. It wasn't long before he gave a snort of contempt.

"This is a perfectly valid annual lease. Renewal doesn't fall due for another four months. The freeholder is obliged to give a quarter's notice. Seven months altogether. Your idea is worthless."

"Wait a bit," Nye said. "There's a little matter of the Factory Act of nineteen hundred and one."

Greeley looked surprised, and finally said: "Well?"

"I told you the hall was an old building. And I mean old. On three separate counts that printing hall contravenes the statutory provisions of the Factory Act. One, the windows do not amount to ten per cent of the floor space. Two, there are not two separate exits to the building—inadequate escape in case of fire. Three, the inside walls and passages have not been lime-washed within the past fourteen months.

"Now," Nye went on quickly before Greeley could intervene, "having bought the hall, we, the owners, are immediately responsible to effect the alterations to comply with the Act. We go to the borough engineer, whom I've already threatened to expose for laxity in letting this thing run on, and get the premises immediately condemned. He must do it, and he will. It's the law. Until we carry out the improvements—at our leisure—the hall is closed down. The *Light's* off the streets, just like that, and Page is faced with the impossible job of finding new premises, moving his presses—in a word, he's out of business."

There was a silence, then Smith let out a long, gasping breath.

"That's it," he said. "You've got it this time. And all dead legal."

Greeley was looking at Nye questioningly. Impressed, in spite of himself, he didn't want to show it. "It is not a very ethical procedure," he said.

"It's perfectly legal. And, what's more," Nye added innocently, "we'll be the ones complying with the Act."

Greeley shook his head disapprovingly, but continued stroking his chin, still thinking it over. "Can you supply a rough estimate for the alterations?"

"Around fifteen hundred pounds, perhaps even less. Then the hall will be as good as new . . . ready for us to move into."

Another pause. Greeley was looking very searchingly at Nye.

"What price does this person ask for the property?"

Nye met his eye. He was ready for him. "Naturally I secured an independent valuation. The figure was placed at just under four thousand pounds. Mrs. Harbottle has agreed to accept thirty-five hundred pounds. And she's prepared to sign a bill of sale this afternoon."

Again, Greeley, scratching his neck, went through the motions of careful cogitation. He had been one of the earliest sponsors of the scheme to buy the *Northern Light*. To see it fail was against his interests.

HIS face contorted suddenly into a death's-head smile. He rose to his feet. "I don't in any way associate myself with any subsequent action you may take, but in the circumstances I think we ought to go and look into it."

He put on the coat and gloves, in methodical slow motion, and led the way out. As they followed, Smith surreptitiously seized Nye's hand and pressed it with clammy intensity.

"You've saved us, Len," he whispered hoarsely. "By God, you've a head on you."

To be continued next week

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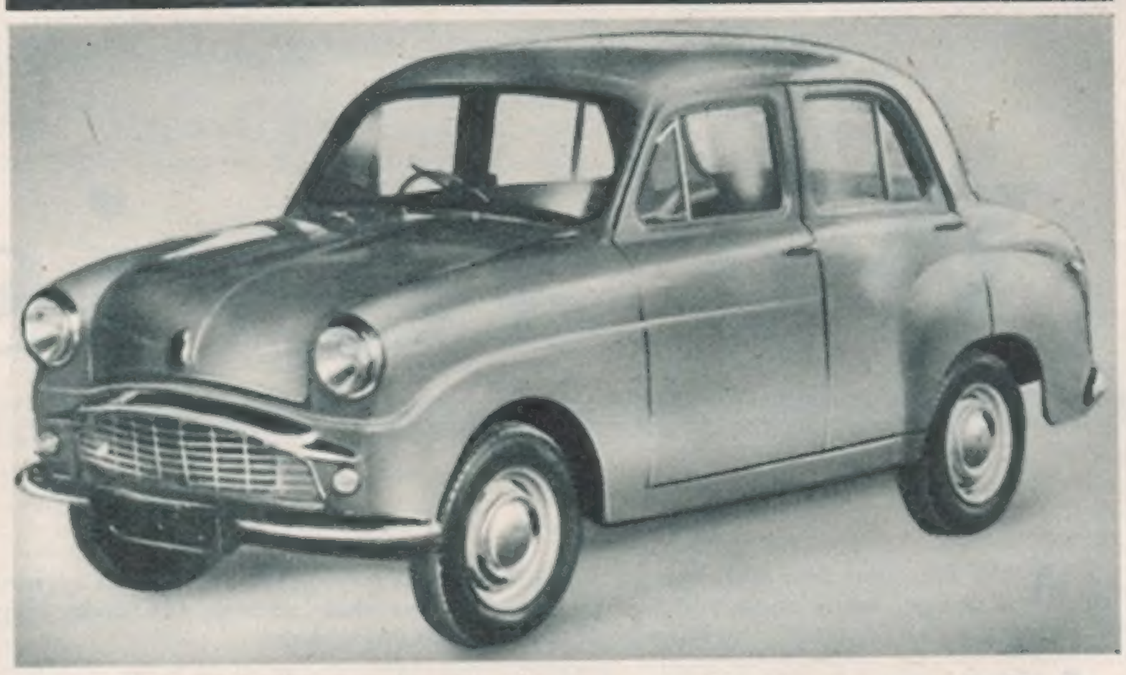
Victor Gollancz will publish "The Northern Light" as a novel on December 1, price 15s.

Grand 'Family Favourites' Competition
YOUR FINAL OPPORTUNITY!



Win this Magnificent
Standard Ten
OR £750 Free!

HERE'S your last opportunity to win a Standard Ten car or £750—absolutely FREE! And if you still have last week's FREE entry coupon, you MUST complete them both—they could mean a £250 bonus!

Look at the magnificent prize shown above! You simply must post your entry today!

★ SPECIAL BONUS. If you win and your one envelope contains this coupon and one published last week, both properly completed, your car or £750 cash prize will be accompanied by an ADDITIONAL £250.

All you have to do is exercise your skill and judgment in building a "Family Favourites" programme of recorded music. Study the 20 musical items listed on coupon and place an X—in ink (pen or ballpoint)—against each of the 10 which you consider would, together, combine into the best-balanced programme of recorded music for all-family listening on an autumn evening.

Before completing and posting your coupon(s) read the instructions carefully.

INSTRUCTIONS AND RULES

All accepted entries will be examined and a STANDARD TEN with heater, taxed and insured, plus running costs all to a total value of £750 will be awarded to the competitor, who, in the opinion of the judges, selects on an entry coupon the 10 musical items, which, together, would combine into the best-balanced programme of recorded music to entertain the average family.

If preferred, the winner may take £750 cash instead. In the event of a tie, the alternative prize of £750 will be shared among those tying. Also, the bonus will be divided into the same number of portions as there are winners, and each winning competitor who qualifies for a bonus will receive one portion.

Mark 10 crosses only. No order of merit required.

Entry accepted only on a coupon, which must be completed in ink—pen or ballpoint. Any entry wholly or partly in pencil will be disqualified as will any bearing alterations or in any way mutilated. No correspondence will be entered into. For this two-week contest, only one coupon per week may be sent in by each reader. To win the bonus award both coupons must be sent in the same envelope.

Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and associated companies (and members of their families) are not eligible to compete. The result will be published in "John Bull" at the earliest date.

IMPORTANT. Before placing your coupon in the envelope copy out, on the outside of the back of the envelope, the key numbers of the 10 musical items you have chosen—in one line and in exactly the same order as they appear on your coupon. If enclosing two coupons (the maximum allowed per person) then two lines of key numbers (one for each coupon) must be written on back of envelope. This is necessary to give you the result as soon as possible. Your entry will be disqualified if this is not done.

Post entry in a sealed envelope (3d. postage) to: Family Favourites Competition, John Bull, 96 Long Acre, London, W.C.99, to arrive not later than Tuesday, October 21, 1958. No correspondence or coupon for any other competition may be enclosed.

Special Bonus £250*

CUT AROUND DOTTED LINE

WIN A STANDARD TEN FREE WITH THIS COUPON

Place an X—in ink—in blank spaces against each of the TEN musical items you select.

1 All I have to do Is Dream	
2 Begin the Beguine	
3 Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man	
4 Come Back to Sorrento	
5 Jealousy	
6 Just an Old-Fashioned Girl	
7 King and I (Selection)	
8 Lady of Spain	
9 Oklahoma (Selection)	
10 Poet and Peasant (Overture)	
11 Serenade (from 'The Student Prince')	
12 Sheik of Araby	
13 Somebody Stole My Gal	
14 Splish Splash	
15 Stardust	
16 These Foolish Things	
17 Tulips from Amsterdam	
18 Vilia (from 'The Merry Widow')	
19 When Irish Eyes Are Smiling	
20 William Tell (Overture)	

I agree to accept the published result as final, also the Editor's decision on all matters relating to this competition.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

(BLOCK LETTERS)

.....

All entries must arrive not later than Tuesday, October 21. This competition is open to readers in the United Kingdom and Eire only. JB11/10/58

Readers seeking advice from our team of experts are invited to send their problems to the JOHN BULL Free Advice Service, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Letters will be answered by post, and problems of general interest will also be published on this page.

We advise...

WHY is it that film stars can go abroad and miss paying income tax on current earnings, while some old age pensioners have their income tax deductions based on "anticipated" earnings?—R. W. C., Basingstoke.

● Money earned in this country is taxed even though the recipient is a non-resident. A person who is not normally resident in the United Kingdom and who does not come here year after year can make an isolated visit of less than six months without having to pay tax on any income earned abroad.

If he stays more than six months, he will be taxable on remittances out of his income arising abroad.

With regard to P.A.Y.E. deductions, it is desirable from the taxpayer's point of view to have the tax spread evenly throughout the year.

THE BRUSH-OFF

HOWEVER much I brush my dog, his hair always seems to be coming out. Is this a sign of illness? I thought that dogs changed their coats at definite times of the year. — A. T., Peebles.

● As a general rule, most dogs change their coats once yearly, and bitches twice yearly. One reason for hair being shed over a long period is lack of sunshine.

With some cross-breds, however, it is natural to lose hair all the year round.

It might be as well to ask your vet to give the dog a check, in case the trouble has some other cause which immediate treatment could correct.

INSURANCE TAX

PLEASE explain how a settlement made by an insurance company for a permanent disability is treated so far as income tax is concerned.—M. C., Lincoln.

● The capital sum received is not liable to tax, but if it is invested the interest will be taxable. It will be added to the total income from other sources and will be liable for the top rate of tax appropriate to that total income without allowing earned income relief on the interest.

If the money is deposited with the Post Office Savings Bank or a Trustee Savings Bank, the first £15 of interest is tax-free. Interest paid by building societies has already had tax deducted.

IS MY BIRD ILL?

MY budgerigar keeps vomiting its food. Is there anything wrong? —D. E., Bath.

● Bringing up food is part of the courtship behaviour of budgerigars and parrots. They regurgitate their food with a pumping movement of the head —as they do when feeding young—and this can be mistaken for vomiting.

If the bird is, in fact, vomiting, keep it warm and put ten drops of milk of magnesia in its drinking water daily.

PARENTS' RIGHTS

MY brother's wife has left him and their children, and has written to say that when she has settled down she will fetch the children. Can she do this?—Mrs. N. C., Oldham.

● Both parents have equal rights regarding the custody of the children and neither can take them out of the custody of the other except by court order.

If either party applies to court for complete custody, the court will decide what is best for the children's welfare.

The court probation officer might be able to help in this matter, and it may be necessary to seek his advice before court proceedings are taken.

ROW OVER PEARLS

A FEW weeks ago I took a double row of pearls to a jeweller to be restrung, but those returned to me were not mine. I took them back to the jeweller who said that the work had been sent out to a London firm and that he had received the pearls in question in return. I must have my own pearls, which were a gift from my daughter before she left for Australia last year. What is the best thing for me to do now?—Mrs. J. H., Hayling Island.

● As you do not appear to have instructed the jeweller to send your necklace elsewhere to be repaired, he has done this at his own risk and can be held liable for any loss you may suffer.

If you cannot get satisfaction, it may be advisable for you to get a solicitor to make your claim, but you cannot claim more than the actual value of the pearls although they may have had a sentimental value for you.

LEAVES FOR A FIREPLACE

NEXT month I am getting married and we are moving into an old cottage which has been modernized. My fiancé has installed central heating, but there is one very nice fireplace in the sitting-room, which I would like to keep uncovered. How can I decorate it in the winter, when there are no flowers to put in front?—Miss F. B., Aylesbury.

● Autumn leaves look just as nice as flowers in front of a pretty fireplace. Now is the time to pick plenty and stand the ends of the stalks in glycerine for a few days to preserve them.

Beech boughs treated this way will last through the winter. Alternatively, fill the fireplace with logs and fir-cones, which will not hide its shape.

REPAIRS' ALLOWANCE

CAN you tell me what allowance is given towards repairs and improvements of one's own house? I have only just made a claim for the first time. How will the money be paid to me?—E. A., Otley.

● The property maintenance relief is granted by reference to the average expenditure over a five-year period.

Claims can be made for the tax years 1952-53 onwards and the first claim for the year 1952-53 would be based on the average expenditure for the five years to April 5, 1952.

The next claim for 1953-54 would be based on the average expenditure for the five years to April 5, 1953, and so on.

Claims for previous tax years are normally settled in cash, but when the claims have been brought up to date it can be arranged for the property maintenance relief to be taken into account in the P.A.Y.E. coding if desired.

STAIR WEAR AND TEAR

I AM considering carpeting my stairs, but am a little alarmed at the prices of carpet of a high enough quality to stand up to stair traffic. Is haircord suitable for this purpose?—Mrs. I. C., Tottenham.

● A good quality haircord will serve you well as a stair carpet, and it is now made in just as lovely colours as pile carpet.

CAN I GET COMPENSATION?

I SUFFERED recently, physically and financially, as the result of being knocked down by a motor car. It was uninsured. Is there any way in which I can obtain redress?—R. B., Middlesbrough.

● You can apply for assistance from the Motor Insurers' Bureau. The address is 60 Watling Street, London, E.C.4.

NOISE IS MAKING US ILL

AN engineering firm occupied premises opposite our house six months ago and since then we have suffered from noise to such an extent that my wife and I are becoming ill. We cannot move to another house and wonder if there is some way in which we can insulate our home—semi-detached and built in the late thirties—against noise. —J. K. J., Hendon, Middlesex.

● To insulate your house now would involve major structural alteration, done under the supervision of an architect or acoustic specialist.

Insulating materials, such as granular cork slabs, glass wool, felt, would have to be packed in hollow spaces between floors and ceilings, double partitions, between external walls and internal linings, and in the cavities of party walls.

One well-known firm of acoustic specialists is Horace W. Cullum, 59 Highgate West Hill, London, N.6.

Before embarking on expenditure, however, consult your local Medical Officer of Health; your borough council has power, either by persuasion or through the courts, to get noise nuisance discontinued or at least abated.

DRAINPIPE GROUSES

THERE is a nasty smell coming from my kitchen sink. Does this mean that there is something wrong with the drains?—Mrs. O. McP., Bury.

● It does mean that there is something wrong with the nearest drain to your sink—the waste-pipe. This has probably become clogged with waste matter.

A simple cure is to pour a strong solution of borax and water down the pipe. This should clear it out.

If the pipe has become stopped up as well as smelling, you will have to unscrew the trap below the sink and clean it out with a wire probe.

WHAT'S MY INTEREST?

NATIONAL Savings certificates which I bought in 1940 have now matured. Does the rate of interest stay the same as when I bought them? If so, what's the most profitable thing for me to do with them? — S. R., Morden, Surrey.

● The interest paid on saving certificates remains constant after ten years. Your best course is to sell the old certificates and reinvest in the latest issue.

PONIES FOR ADOPTION

THREE years ago my twelve-year-old daughter got the horse "bug" and her one obsession now is to have her own horse to care for, and to learn to ride. It is beyond our means to buy her one, but I have heard that ponies in need of a home are sometimes available free, or at small cost.—G. N., Weston, Somerset.

● The Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals normally provides its own establishments for "rescued" horses.

Sometimes, however, the society places a horse with private owners, subject to conditions regarding stabling, treatment, etc. Write to the Chief Secretary, R.S.P.C.A., 105 Jermyn Street, London, S.W.1.

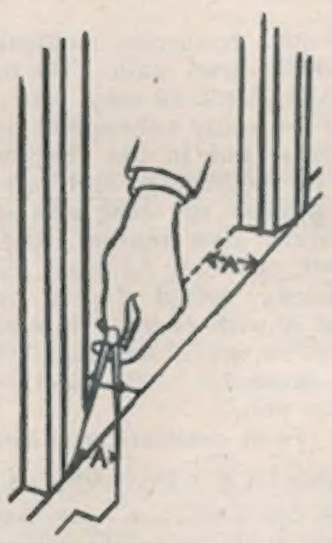
A short cut to fitting lino

I AM laying linoleum in my kitchen, but cannot see how to cut it to fit round the mouldings of the doors and other projections. —L. T. V., Yarmouth.

● Lay the edge of the lino as close to the wall as the mouldings of the door will permit. With a pair of dividers or compasses, set at right angles to the foot of the wall, follow the outline of the moulding. Cut to shape with a trimming knife.

A similar method can be used for rounded corners. Lay the sheet of lino as far into the corner as it will go, with the two edges the same distance from their respective walls.

Set the dividers to the width of the gap thus formed, hold them parallel to a line pointing straight into the corner and scribe a line on the lino, following the curve of the corner.



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EXTRA £250 CASH SEE DETAILS ON COUPON

WAY TO WIN

Here's how to shape a Bullet. First, grasp the broad idea by enjoying the latest winners. Then choose as your starting-point any Example from list below. To it, add TWO, THREE or FOUR words to make the whole into a bright Bullet.

Goal For Mankind	Obsolete Weapon
On The Brink Of War	Crumb Of Comfort
Life's Gold	Came Out On Top
The Commonwealth Tree	Modern Minstrel
We're In A Fog, But	All Starry-eyed
Loan From The Bank	Mumbo-jumbo
The Limit	A Love-potion
Policeman Of Tomorrow	Like A Limpet
Chinese Puzzle	Dithering About
Disaster After Disaster	With Aching Feet

Last six Examples are incomplete: if you wish to use one, first complete it with a word of your choice—then make your Bullet as above.

On The Face Of..... Found In The.....
Made A Good..... Left .....Standing
Nobody ....., So If It Gets Any.....

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EX. .....
B. .....
EX. .....
B. .....
EX. .....
B. .....
EX. .....
B. .....

EXTRA £250 to be shared by those winners of the TOP TEN cheques in Contests 2,160/2,163 whose successful efforts were one of five or more on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet.

2,163 Post not later than last collection on **MONDAY, OCT. 20**

I agree to rules and enclose P.O. entry-fee at the rate of 6d. per Bullet.

Signed.....

Address .....

P.O. Value.....

No.....

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877

STICK **3d.** STAMP HERE

NEXT WEEK RECORD CAR-plus-CASH PRIZE!

LATEST WINNERS

Bullets No. 2,158 Result: **£450** plus "Hoovermatic" Washer, or £500 lump sum: C. B. Pearcey, 9 Salisbury Road, London, E.7:

How The Wedding-bells Started—I Pulled Her Pigtail!

£25 A. H. Smart, 108 Pike Road, Efford, Plymouth: **All The Best Things—*Shared*—No Better Thing!**

£10 Mrs. M. L. Medway, 4 Heol Nanteos, Penparcau, Aberystwyth: **Mighty Difficult — Fight — Overcoming "Ifs," "Mights"!**

£9 G. Walker, 60 Edward Street, Farnworth, Lancs: **In The Prison Workshop—"Only *Mugs* Work!" Remembered?**

£8 S. Morgan, 100 Kimberley Road, Roath, Cardiff: **All The Best People—Taking *Country* Across *"Fences."***

£7 J. McNiven, 29 Laurel Street, Glasgow: **Mighty Difficult — Visualizing Tomorrow, "Seeing" *Today*!**

£6 A. B. Tait, 3 St. Ninian Drive, Inverness: **A Gigantic Sword—In Devil's Armoury—*"Needle"*!**

£5 A. Ellis, 273 Stannington Road, Sheffield: **A Gigantic Bunker—Ike's "Spoon" *Deepening*—Formosa?**

£5 H. R. Nicholas, 40 Fairholme Estate, Bedfont, Feltham: **On The 1958 March—Stones Lost? Pound Saved!**

£5 G. Vellender, 25 Osborne Villas, Hove: **A Gigantic Chasm — Two Ideological "Furrows" Made.**

For ten winners of £2 10s. see *Bullets Bulletin*. 100 "Double Six" Prizes, and 1,500 "Good Shot" Awards have also been posted.

RULES 1. First Prize for best Bullet received; others in order of merit. The test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all Bullets received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. at the rate of 6d. per Bullet. Fee submitted will be taken to cover Bullets in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in JOHN BULL dated November 15), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, November 1, for early news of No. 2,163 result.)

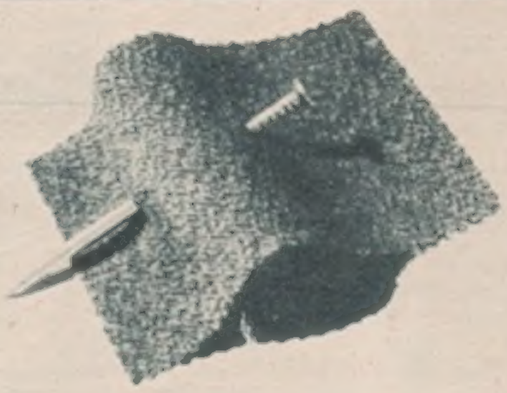
POST ENTRY Bullets 2,163, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.99

Shall I tell you how to invest 15 guineas really well?

BUY A MAGEE THORNPROOF. I wear one for best or workaday. Doesn't bag or shine, almost untearable, cleans and presses well. And the jacket goes with slacks. Magee stockists can fit most men 'off-the-peg'. But if they can't do it in exactly the pattern you want, Magee's back them with an 'in stock' service which only takes a few days. It's worth waiting for.

TRY THE NAIL TEST

Push a big nail through a Magee Thornproof, then rub the cloth and, in a few seconds, you can't even see where the nail went. Make sure it's the real Magee first, though!



The strength and resilience needed to pass the nail test are achieved by using only finest longstaple wool and both doubling and twisting the yarns in spinning it. The lovely moor and mountain hues are dyed in the wools and blended in spinning and weaving. Only the finest dyes are used, by processes that do not leach out the lanoline which makes wool wet-resistant and 'lively' to feel. Magee's make the cloth as well as tailoring it. The label guarantees both cloth and suit are by Magee—matchless value at 15 guineas.

Magee

TWO-PIECE THORNPROOF SUITS

magee tailored

Your local Magee stockists will be advertising in your local paper this autumn. If, however you miss their advertisements or have any difficulty write to Magee & Co. (Belfast) Ltd., 82 Royal Avenue, Belfast, and we will try to arrange that you are served.

ARE YOU GROWING NERVY AND DEPRESSED ?

If you're depressed, irritable, nervous and jumpy, it means your body needs more Vitamin B, the nerve-builder, on which your whole nervous system depends. If your food contains too little Vitamin B, your nerves will go to pieces. Increase the supply, and you will soon feel restored and re-invigorated. You won't worry so much, won't be so easily irritated or depressed.

Try taking Phillips Tonic Yeast Tablets with your meals. Brewers' Yeast is the richest natural source of the B Vitamins, and you'll be amazed what difference this will make to your whole well-being. Your digestion will improve; you'll lose your headaches and feel brighter and fitter in every way.

Start taking Phillips Tonic Yeast today. It is pure Brewers' yeast with all its cells intact; it contains no drugs or harmful ingredients and is bound to do you good. Be sure to ask for 'Phillips' Tonic Yeast.

At all Chemists 1/9, 4/-, 6/6 *and* 10/6

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A. E. WEBB (letter K1622).

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